Carmine

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Carmine

by clairo7

Summary

Hannibal is called to the Graham Estate to treat a patient and finds a castle of lies, secrets and hidden danger. Unable to keep himself from unraveling the mysteries held within the halls of the estate he uncovers much more than just a botched surgery. If he isn’t careful he may just stumble across his own demise.

Claret

Chapter Notes

> I didn't mean to post this yet i just accidentally pushed the button so as of 8/26/24 it is unedited I'll update if that changes

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It was crawling towards dawn, the mist spread across the grassy meadow that he was encompassed by. It cooled against his skin in the already frigid morning air, making him shiver against the billowing fabric of his too big t shirt, and the hair on his legs stand up and push painfully against the soft cotton of his boxers.

He kept running regardless, the panic that felt like it was crushing his chest bones under astronomical weight so his breath never fully reached his lungs.

His feet ached with every *slap* they made against the damp ground that led him into the soft grass ahead. He wouldn't be able to stay in the clearing but he did look forward to the softer ground to run along even if only for a moment.

Breaking through into the clearing wasn't the soft, comfortable reprieve he was hoping for.

He tried to grasp for air in his lungs as he slowed his pace once his dirt covered feet touched lush green, but he dare not break his stride completely.

It mattered little, it turned out, as he had forgotten to weave his path into that of a zigzag, no longer dodging trees or moving direction randomly to try and lessen his risk of capture.

He didn't hear the gun go off until his bloodied knee was crumpling to the ground. He saw the the visceral hole and mushy mound of his knee but didn't feel the pain of it radiate up his leg until his ruined flesh met the grass. The scream started as a breathless thing, but it was louder than the boom of the weapon, or maybe it just sounded like that to him, as he tried to push the desperate sound back into his throat, passed his lungs, and into his clenched stomach muscles never to be heard again.

Don't give them the satisfaction

At least, he *hoped* those were his thoughts, he couldn't tell for the scream still clawing it's way out of his throat.

The panic punched from his chest, it too leaked from its rightful place inside his body as the tremors shook his limbs, or maybe it was the last burst of adrenaline, the last bits of his alpha, what they had crushed so easily underfoot, still trying to fight for his survival.

”Will, go get him!” Came a grouchy southern drawl from behind him. “Make it quick, boy, I don’t have all morning.”

Will Graham, the soft featured boy,— man, really, that Randall had had the idiotic notion to *feel bad for,* he was entering the open space, gripping the lifeless appendage, dragging him by the ankle to be brought to Will’s familial alpha.

Bobby stood there, his hat tilted up to see better, his hand still held the pistol. He was a curmudgeon of a man on the best of days, the firm hand that enforced the will of sweet speaking mate,

The one they were dragging him back to, no matter how he *screamed,* no matter the branches, roots, or shrubbery his desperate hands clung to, the firm hands held him in a unyielding grip as they tugged him further and further from the clearing.

*”*Shut him up, I don’t want to hear him anymore.” Bobby’s face was curled in disgust but the man couldn’t see that, only the boot that came toward his face before everything went black.

Hannibal stepped from his cab on to the packed down gravel of the rural road in front of the large gates.

The taxi driver sped carelessly away, having balked when given the address and was only persuaded with a generous cash tip.

Axel, his name tag read, *taxi 3668, license plate NPL67SV*

Trying to imprint it into his memory, as he had been unable to attain a card, the foolish man insisting,

”No, fuck that, you won’t be seeing me again.” As he shook his head in disbelief and pulled hesitantly onto the stretch of highway leading out of the city.

The castle beyond the gates was something out of a gothic novel.

The cold stone of the archway that framed speared iron bars that parted down the middle and just beyond that the smooth brick pathway that led up to the thick wooden door. Breaking the smooth brick path was a stone statue of a female omega, identifiable as such by the mating mark on the her neck, and the patient loving expression etched on her face as she reached down from her precipice, one hand clutched to her breast, a sweet smile curling her lips.

An altogether charming estate, picturesque as everything before him was cast in a veil of grey as the mist rolled in from the wooded hills onto the gentle slope of the lawn.

The heavy wooden door opened, stepping forth was a pretty brunette women, hair falling in curls around the black oversized blazer. Her heels clicked one second behind the clink of her cane, the jewel toned crystal handle held by manicured fingers. She was hardly any slower for it, nor did seem down trodden by the limp she had, her shoulders squared proudly as she approached.

Her scent traveled with the wind, and reveled to no surprise that she was also an Alpha. She smelled of the same cool and refreshing base note, before the more personal additions of her own mixed in. The smell of alpha smelt clean and strong, calming and inviting, it was similar to eucalyptus, though not as potent smelling. The rest of her scent was was shockingly flowery, and it brought to mind marigolds and daises.

She wore a ring on her finger, modest and silver, signifying her attachment.

”What is your business here?” She asked.

“I was sent for by Elisabeth Graham.” He stated handing her the letter through the bars of the gate.

She read the letter carefully, and thought for a moment before handing it back and moving to unlock the gate.

”You were referred to us by Doctor Gideon, did he brief you on what is expected?” She asked.

Hannibal nodded, as Gideon had discussed with him the particulars of the case.

”I think the broad has,” He scratched his short facial hair and clicked his tongue in a theatric display of though, “maybe four months left in her. Not much more than that.”

He had been referring to Beverly Katz, a retired socialite from Baltimore, one Hannibal had encountered many times at dimly lit dinner party’s, and the country club they both frequented at the time. She was highly accomplished, choosing to pursue a career in forensic science standing out among their many peers as someone of interest to Hannibal.

It wasn’t everyday that a women set to inherit as much as she stood to would willingly choose to work with dead bodies.

But Beverly had.

It was May of last year, when he had heard through the rumor mill that her pent house was being sold, that she had quit her job, and that no one, not even her father, knew where she had jet off to. That was the assumption, Beverly had had enough of the foreign pressures of working, especially such a grim career path, solving murders, no doubt surrounded by low rate alpha’s who probably didn’t respect her. The idea was that she must be taking a long vacation, getting away from hard realities of it all, and it served her right. Lowering herself to work such a job, as an omega no less, and no one could be surprised she couldn’t handle it.

Hannibal didn’t believe a word of it.

“My name is Alana Bloom, I manage the estate for the Graham family.” She said closing the gate behind her.

He was being led into the estate, only a few hours away from his own suburban mansion.

It might hurt to be right so often if it didn’t leave Hannibal’s chest swelled with pride.

“I’ll only need a moment to set my things down before I evaluate the patient.”

The brown haired women nodded and brought into the foyer. It was warm inside, he could hear a fire crackling in the other room, and the open space was lit by the stained glass lanterns lining the walls. There were wooden support beams the lined the ceiling.

”I will show you to your room. You’ll have to excuse my inability to help with your bags.” Alana wiggled her cane a little.

“That is no issue.” Hannibal allowed his eyes to smile with him as he gestured for her to lead the way.

Alpha’s were strong by nature, built to defend their mates and their territory, so the luggage he carried was truly of no consequence as he followed her up the staircase.

His room was on the third floor in the eastern wing, and was modestly decorated.

”Mrs.Graham has asked that you avoid the western wing, but other than that you can go where you please.” Alana told his as she led him toward the patients room.

Hannibal nodded in agreement and followed behind her.

The art work as they moved through the house caught his attention, the oil paintings in this section of the house seemed to revolve around Alpha’s specifically, which was unusual, as was the way they depicted each gender.

It was the painting outside Ms.Katz room that he got the chance to inspect in its entirety.

Academically there were many standards by which you would determine one’s secondary gender. Typically alpha’s were depicted with omega’s, often surrounded by the softer gender as they gazed adoringly up. Alpha’s were usually made larger, no matter their primary gender, to signify their strength but primarily to soothe the ego, with artistically exaggerated rippling muscles, and blown out pupils.

The alpha’s of the first painting, they grasped at each other in desperation, a blonde man looking forward at the audience, his eyes widened and face clenched in fear. The light source was behind them, out of sight, but not for the petrified character, as it’s light touches his turned back, it’s shadow falling across his neck.

The other character, a man with brown ringlets and a strong back, he stared into the light as his partner tried to pry him away from it, the brown hair alpha’s hand hung limply is the blonde’s grasp.

Hannibal’s dissection of the art was cut short, as Alana reappeared from the closed room, having taken the opportunity to break away and inform Beverly of the doctors arrival.

”She is awake, but she won’t be able to answer any questions, unfortunately.” She said as they crossed the threshold of the room.

Hannibal glanced at the bed, a fevered Beverly Katz looked back at him, her throat swollen on both sides, her brow covered in sweat, and her body appeared lifeless but for the soft movement of her chest as she breathed and her half hearted blinks.

He took a second to parse through the journal on the desk that held Gideons notes.

It seemed Gideon had only treated her in earnest for two months before deciding that managing the symptoms was a better course. Hannibal smoothing his face into an impassive mask as he flipped through pages detailing herbs, drugs, and care routines trying to make sense of it all.

Eventually he could only draw one conclusion.

”Mrs.Bloom,” He started setting the ledger to the side. “I don’t like being lied to.”

Alana only sighed, hands together in thought as she considered her next words.

”Doctor Gideon,—“

“Assured you that I had both the skill and the constitution to complete his work, yes, of that I have no doubt.” Hannibal interrupted uncharacteristically. “What I do doubt is that after his assurances you still felt the need to lie to get me here.”

”We thought it best to conceal the specifics, but there was no lie. Your acquaintance, Beverly Katz, is bed bound and in need of the care you can provide.” Alana held his gaze, unflinching despite his still emotionless demeanor.

”You did not mention a conversion.”

“It was at her request that we protect that information from ever leaking.”

Beverly made a strange noise from her throat like she meant to speak, but stopped due to the strain. Her eyes were wide and teary, if it was because of the pain of trying to speak or because she was both omega and alpha and the stand-off between two formidable alpha’s was causing internal strife, he could not say. Beverly did reach for his arm, a pleading look on her face.

“I can’t help but begrudge that you didn’t come to me first.” He told her. “You allowed Gideon to fumble through the beginnings of your transition, and now you’re reaping the benefit.”

Beverly rolled her eyes.

”I would need to conduct an examination, but from his notes it sounds like this took place,” He flicked open a page, “In his personal lab before you were transported here, I suspect an simple infection may be the cause of this sickness.”

He cradled her swollen throat in gentle probing fingers, avoiding her scent glands, and tilted her head each way.

That was all he said, and he accepted the payment given when him and Alana stepped out for the night.

”You seem awfully comfortable with committing a felony.” She noted walking him to his room.

”I will be committing many felonies.” He noted with some amusement.

”Yes, you will.”

”It may be illegal, but it’s hardly immoral to help someone live a long, healthy life. Besides, without my intervention she will surely die.”

”Do no harm?” She asked amused.

“Something like that.” He smiled at her for the first time today in earnest. “In any case, Beverly will be fully transitioned soon, with or without my help, her own personal becoming.”

”I was glad Gideon wasn’t exaggerating when he spoke of your more … unconventional views.”

Unconventional was right, though the specificity with which Gideon had described his peculiarities he was not sure.

”In this matter, certainly not.” They reached his door.

“Dinner will be brought to you within the hour, please feel free to explore the estate when you feel comfortable.” She listed off the spiel she probably meant to give when he was shown to his room initially. “The library, horses, and the lake are all free for you to use whenever you like, but the gardens should only be explored with a member of staff, they can be… daunting and it isn’t uncommon for guests to get lost without a knowledgeable guide.”

“Thank you for all your help today, Mrs. Bloom.”

She exited down the hall and he was alone.

He took the opportunity to freshen up, showering the travel and the work of the day off his body on the claw foot tub of his en-suite. The room was small, white, and it smelled of bleach.

The room was cold, and it made his skin tighten with the effort of trying to preserve body heat. He flicked the shower on and wouldn’t remove his pants until the air warmed with steam.

He worked his scentless bar soap into his skin as he considered what he might do next,

Beverly Katz would need antibiotics, she would no doubt perish without.

Alana Bloom seemed an interesting enough character, just as closed off in language as himself, and a strong alpha to boot.

He would eventually like to explore the property, and he was pleased to hear of the lake, swimming was always something he liked to do to keep his physique in line.

The libraries could also be of interest though he brought his own reading,—

Out of the corner of his eyes, in the window adjacent to the tub, from the angle the shower curtain didn't cover, he saw movement.

He resumed his thoughts, it was most likely only the estate staff.

Though, he brought only a few books, and the library may prove useful of his stay—

He saw as he stepped out of the shower, who it was that stood in the grassy courtyard below, as they stood there still.

It was a man, the gender he wasn't certain of as his back was turned to the window.

Hannibal was struck with how similar the sweetly curved ringlets resembled that of the painting he had seen outside of Beverly's room.

He did eventually have to move to dress, the cold biting at his damp skin.

Dinner came at the specified time and Hannibal forced himself to stay at the desk as he ate his meal. It was simple, just baked chicken, carrots and mashed potatoes served with a glass of wine and a carafe of water.

The food was under seasoned and rather plain, but he thought he may just be missing his own cooking. The wine was hardly consumable though, it's deep juicy red did nothing to prepare him for the over sweet liquid that ran through his mouth, but that was not what piqued his interest.

It was the chemical taste that lingered underneath, like powder, rubber, and a hint of salt that raised his brows.

Sedative?

He dumped the wine down the drain of the sink.

It was the early hours of the morning when Hannibal heard his door freak open.

He heard the soft footfalls leading up to his bed, and decided to remain still. He forced his breath to remain slow and even as he pushed it through his nose. Hannibal didn't move or flinch as he felt whoever it was move to hover over him as they inspected him.

"He is certainly an alpha," The unimpressed voice said just next to his ear. "Not a particularly … tough one."

”Looks can be deceiving.” Alana hummed from the doorway.

The stranger, whoever they were, lingered only to inspect him a second longer before Hannibal heard the door click shut.

His eyes snapped open in the dark room.

Chapter End Notes

Check out my long form Hannibal/Will fic Ritualistic if you feel like it

Amaranth

“You’ll need transportation?” Alana asked not turning from her open folder of papers balanced on one arm.

”Yes, I have a friend in the next town over who may be able to aid in obtaining the medications Ms.Katz will need.”

“I’m sure we can find someone to bring you.” She was still scribbling on the papers before her.

”I think he would be more comfortable if I went alone.”

She stopped writing for a moment and considered.

”It has to be today?”

“Yes, Ms.Katz will need to start the antibiotics as soon as possible.”

”Have you checked in with her today, doctor? I can arrange the car while you do so.” And she turned back to her papers.

He accepted the dismissal and moved to check on his patient.

She was stable enough, but still in considerable pain, if her unconscious groans meant anything. Her fever had come down from the way it ravaged her body yesterday.

As he moved to close the door he found himself in the cavernous hallway once more. Hannibal allowed the stiff unyielding leather shoes dig into the plush carpeting of the hall as he stole another moment to look at the large painting on the wall ahead.

He didn’t recognize the artist, though it must have been crafted by masterful hands, and it stood in contrast with much of the artwork he had passed to get to this room. He found himself frustrated, willing to the curled figure to turn, turn so he could see his face.

It added to his disappointment as he took a look around the spacious hall and found only gentle landscapes pinned to the wall.

Descending down the staircase he found Alana once more, now waiting with keys and speaking to a gruff older man, standing in beat up jeans and a weathered trucker hat that looked out of place among the finery of the house.

”This him?” He didn’t ask Hannibal, but Alana.

“This is Doctor Lecter, he has begun treatment on Beverly and will be leaving to retrieve some medications for her.” Alana confirmed.

”Please, Hannibal.” Hannibal painted on his most charming smile and reached out his hand to shake.

The man didn’t reach to grasp it looking at the hand like it was contaminated, but this gruff man let their eyes lock in an equally dominating stare.

His eyes were an astounding shade of blue, different from Alana’s icy gaze, it almost looked as if this man’s eyes were backlit, shining from behind his skull as he measured up the alpha in front of him.

”Well,” The lean of his words indicated that he, too, was not from this area. “M’ names Bobby, but you can call me Mr.Graham.”

Hannibal allowed his hand to fall to his side, and hoped his mask didn’t portray his annoyance at the ill mannered man before him. He reasoned that he might be able to come back at a later date, and was grateful he had told no one of his whereabouts before he had answered the summons.

Mr.Graham may just look ravishing steamed, seasoned, and dressed on his dining room table.

Perhaps beside a root based salad, or even a classic Caesar.

“Bobby, it’s noon.” Alana reminded him.

”Fine, I’m going.” Bobby grumbled as he sauntered passed the still frozen Hannibal and up the stairs.

“The car is ready for you.” She informed him sliding him the keys.

Hannibal felt the tell tale prickle at the back of his neck, but shook off the chill of eyes on him as he left out the front door.

The car was a simple black sedan and it had been brought to the front of the gates for him.

Hannibal walked down the brick steps onto the pathway, stopping to admire the the stone statue as he moves through the courtyard. The lawn was expansive, just as beautiful and well maintained as the mansion behind him, and had many shaped bush and shady trees to lounge under.

To his surprise there were people lounging under a large oak situated a few yards away.

There were two figures, one in a long black dress that fit her shoulders and waist snuggly, and a large black sun hat that titled at her brow at a dramatic angle hiding all her features except the blonde braid that draped across her shoulder. Her scent traveled downwind, the warm smell of omega, mixed with cherries and lavender. Her scent underneath it all held the clean soothing smell of alpha, like a whisper, and it confirmed her as mated.

The second figure was staring back resolutely, not hiding himself from the foreign alpha. His body was covered in flannel and jean, a soft grey tshirt tucked into beat up plaid, and the resemblance to Mr.Graham couldn’t be missed. The eyes were not the same blue, instead it

seemed, a forest green, as lush as the plants that surrounded them, and twice as beautiful. His jaw was stubble kissed, clean and neat close to his face, and it led Hannibal's eyes to wander up the gentle pale cheeks, and admire the slight curve of his otherwise perfect nose, before allowing himself a break only to find himself trying to understand the furrow of his brows, wishing he could feel the ridge of the bunched up skin that separated them. Hannibal couldn't help but notice the gentle brown ringlets his hair fell into.

Simply divine

The smell drifting from the beautiful creature was that of an aged bourbon, the spiced edge of cloves and the sweetness of caramel mixing deliciously with something woody.

Not mated, his mind supplied.

He raised his hand in a small, almost bashful wave.

Luck was not on his side, it would appear, as that was the moment the omega's mated companion looked up, and caught his interested stare and who it was directed at.

She grasped the man's arm and they departed with haste, traveling through the grassy lawn to sit further from this strange new alpha.

Before he was out of sight, the omega gave him a half hearted wave back.

As Hannibal pulled the car down the dusty gravel road he considered it all.

Whoever had been in his room had worn blockers, and left no scent. The voice had been masculine, it certainly was the women with him that entered his living quarters.

Having spoken to Mr.Graham, he was no longer a suspect.

He felt logic pull at his mind, that Beverly had likely fallen in with an odd crowd, and that he should do as Gideon did, pack his things and leave.

But the smell of caramel still tickled his nose, like he carried a small token of the mysterious omega with him, even as he pulled into the streets of the town.

Is a hedonistic desire to taste forbidden fruit a rational reason to stay in a place so fraught with risk of exposure?

He imagined it was not rational, but his curiosity peaked nonetheless. Thoughts of earthy green, framed by curled brown lashes, it tugged at his mind even as he pondered the drugs he would haggle from the pharmacists.

It may be a personal challenge of sorts, to remain undetected as the monster that simmered underneath the shallow facade he projected. Hannibal felt no apprehension, only a thrill.

He managed to leave the pharmacy with antibiotics, pain killers, and a few sedatives he preferred stay with him, but he would administer to Beverly if necessary.

He didn't imagine he would have to offer though.

Hannibal wondered briefly if it was foolish to be stepping foot back onto the estate that attempted to drug him, but he found himself unable to do much else but allow the car to some to a slow stop. Hannibal took the keys from the ignition, he stepped out onto the gravel road, and handed the keys to a patient attendant who had been waiting, and he nodded in thanks when the gates swung open for him to enter. Which he did.

Hannibal knew as his eyes combed the grounds for familiar brown ringlets, and to his disappointment found none, he knew he must surrender to the mystery.

This estate moved like a well oiled machine, as the candles had been lit in every fixture, as the sun just started to dip, and the sharply dressed staffed bustled around making the estate comfortable.

It was notable that every one of them, the maids, the attendant who took his keys, even the manager of the estate, Alana, they were all alpha's.

He had yet to see a single omega in the common spaces, aside from his encounter with the two omegas outside.

As he moved up the staircase he barely allowed himself to glance out of his periphery, the western wing.

The pale wood floor led the framed arch of the doorway, the arch came to a pleasing point and curved down on either side. The plush runner carpet that lined most of the hallways was absent. There were soft fabrics placed around to add texture to the space, but it came in the form of heavy velvet curtains that were pinned up today. It had soft red paint on the heavy wooden doors, carved gold knobs, and on each wall that framed the doorway was a painting.

He considered both images thoroughly as he moved up the staircase to the third floor.

They were both of the figure depicted in stone outside, he was certain of that. They had the same soft updo, jewelry placed identically, similar loving expressions painted in their soft features faces.

On the wall nearest the staircase, faced so you could only catch it if you were looking for it purposefully, and the curtains were lifted. The romantic looking omega laid in a shallow pool, bathing in a dark river she was wrapped in a white gauzy dress, one strap draped loosely over her shoulder and the other slipping down to reveal more pale skin, revealing an unmarked neck. One headless figure lay at the embankment of the shallow pond, his figure distinctly alpha. Through the trees behind the omega were dark primitively depicted figures, more of shadows truly, haunting the forest as she lay in utter bliss, warmed by the life force of the fallen man.

The painting that hung opposite, the one most visible from the staircase, depicted the same omega, this time her long curled locks swept down one side of her body, dragging along the meadow she stood in. Her neck still, unmarked, with the same shadowy figures lingering in the back ground. There was also a figure that depicted an alpha, this time with an arrow

lodged in his shoulder, a thick cut across his cheek, as he lumbered forth, one bruised knuckles hand reaching for the radiant omega.

As his feet started to move across padded carpet, and he moved closer to Beverly's room, he considered it all.

He had assumed it must more a conservative environment for omega's, as the man he had seen must have been in his early twenties, surely, old enough to be without a chaperone. But the idea of alpha's taking up the domestic care in the estate, the depictions of ethereal goddess like omega's, one's that bathed in blood, it negated this idea of conservatism.

Hannibal shelved thoughts of the larger meaning of it all as he slipped into Beverly's room to start the first round of antibiotics.

She forced down the overly large capsules with difficulty, and took many grateful sips of water as Hannibal noted her vitals.

"Can you speak?" He asked as she gulped the last of her water.

He turned to grab her the carafe that rested on the desk.

"..barely.."Beverly ground out with much strain.

Hannibal stopped to remove the painkillers from his bag.

"And you are experiencing much pain?" He murmured.

When he turned with the carafe and bottle she was glaring at him.

"…what do you want?" She panted.

"To help my friend recover from surgery." The smile he let stretch over his face was devoid of kindness.

"You mean—" She reached over with much difficult and stole the carafe from his hands. "—what you're being *paid* to do is help me recover from surgery."

"It's something of a miracle they were able to negotiate my return to treatment of the body. I only agreed because it was Beverly Katz."

"You were curious where I went." Beverly rolled her eyes.

"I can't deny that."

"I can't answer the questions you have, Hannibal." She sighed.

Hannibal just stared at her, considering for a moment. She held his gaze despite the pained tears in her eyes, the swollen lump that was her infected throat looked red, and hot to the touch. It certainly must be causing unimaginable discomfort.

He reached inside his pocket, where a bottle of 200 ml acetaminophen rested, and he replaced it in his pocket with the bottle of morphine.

He set the low level pain pills on her bedside table, advised her of the amount she shouldn't exceed, before he made his exit.

Hannibal didn't linger through the hallway's as he made his way to his room, eager to wash the filthy smoggy air of the town off his body.

Irritation's hot breath tickled the back of his neck as he thought of Beverly's unwillingness to shed light on the goings on of the estate, or her involvement within it's strange ecosystem.

He wondered, as he place the morphine in the medicine cabinet of the bathroom, if she would be able to go without proper pain management, and could only hope Beverly wasn't stubborn enough to draw this out.

He didn't like the thought of her face burning in agitation as she writhes against the throbbing burn of her infection, but his hunger for satisfactory answers would have to come first.

He made quick work of his shower, his skin slick and warm as he stepped into the half steamed room.

The window that faced the gardens was framed by pillowy steam but not fully obscured in the middle of the glass. The grassy estate yard and tall buses that led to the gardens were barely touched by light, kissed only by the barest hints of sun as the pink of its setting gave way to a lighter blue.

The two omegas from before, they exited the pebbled path to the gardens and onto the brick that led to the house at a leisurely pace.

Hannibal's eyes stayed glued to the curly haired omega. At this angle he was able to see the thin bridge of his nose, curved ever so slightly as he had suspected, from a possible break. His lashes were wispy and curled so slightly, as Hannibal had predicted.

The pair turned once more, as the women spoke to the man, gesturing over the expanse of the yard. As they turned the man looked up briefly, just long enough to catch Hannibal's eyes and give him a sly little smile, before bringing his focus back to his companion, and ignoring Hannibal altogether.

When they turned back to head back into the estate Hannibal was out of sight.

Garnet

Chapter Notes

Chapter four ‘Rubine’ will be posted 8/30/24

Check out my other fic Ritualistic, it’s a demonic romance between Will and Hannibal and I think it’s going well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Despite the wine being average and unlaced, Hannibal slept deeply

He dreamt of swimming up bloodied shores, red staining his clothes, his hair, painting his skin burgundy in the fading light of the wood lined edges of the flowing river. He dreamt of the necklaces of pearl and gold that wrapped his cupped hands as he swam through the murky waters, the thorns digging into his tongue and he painted out his breath around the sharp stems.

Hannibal got a few meters from shore, he fought against the pull of the current to reach the brown mop of hair sprawled out on the beach. He sat under a shaded tent, the thick velvet curtains outside the western wing providing him coverage from the shade. The figure rested on gilded throne, his body draped in white.

Hannibal pushed his body, his arms thrusting into the water and his legs kicking behind him as he struggled to reach shore. When he awoke the next morning he was unsure if he had ever been able to reach it.

Laying in the comfort of his bed as he considered it all, and settled on a new proposal for his dear friend Beverly.

He rose, and found he needed to take another shower, having sweat through the night and stinking impolitely of alpha.

This alluring omega, the one who looked him in the eye so fearlessly, perhaps aware his sublimity may grant him leniency from any who may take offense. Who was he? How could Hannibal orchestrate a meeting between them without any one to pull his attention away?

He wondered if Beverly knew of him, or if she too had been barred from the western wing of the estate.

Hannibal knocked before he let himself into her room, morphine bottle secure in his pocket. He noted down the changes in her temperature, and the swelling that was already going down, though it was still red and protruding. He handed her another large pill and a small cup of water to help choke them down.

”You’re an asshole.” She heaved out after she set her glass down.

Hannibal glanced up briefly from his notebook as he jotted his observations down. He set the book aside and turned to grab the carafe and place it back in her reach.

”I don’t wish to see you suffer.” He sighed watching the pain flicker through her expression.

She stayed silent and just glared defiantly back at him.

He sighed once more.

Hannibal reached into his pocket and shook one pill into his palm.

”This estate it strokes the imagination.” He hummed inspecting the medication in his hand. “I expect your infection is still causing a certain level of discomfort?”

Her jaw clenched as her eyes flickered between glaring at him and considering the pill.

”One question.” She whispered.

Hannibal didn’t try to hide his triumphant smile.

”Have you been inside the western wing?” He was holding it out but not enough for her to grasp easily.

Beverly hesitated in her reach.

“Hannibal.” Her tone a warning.

His hand inched back.

“I understand if you’d rather not answer.”

They stared at each other in tense silence, Hannibal reveling in the heat of it, as he had no doubts his victory was already assured by her pained wheezy breaths.

”Yes.”

He dropped the pill in her expectant palm.

“You’ll need another dose around dinner time. Expect to see me then.” He smiled as he let himself into the hallway.

As he passed the seemingly endless row of doors he tried to plan his next moves, trying to map out a path mentally that led him to the curly haired omega, when he was stopped in his tracks.

He was at a juncture of halls, the one to his right held the disturbance, and was a section of the estate he hadn’t ventured down.

The candles in the fixtures were dusty and had thin cobwebs lining them, the curtains at the window at the end of the short hall were drawn, casting everything in a shadow.

”*Nnhhhhggg”*

It was muffled, but it sounded like a man. A voice he didn’t recognize, though he could hardly tell.

Hannibal allowed himself to drift over, keeping his footsteps quiet enough to evade detection.

There hung no artwork in this hall, he noted.

”Hnnngggggh”

”Will you shut it?” Hissed an unimpressed Alana.

There were noises of protest and a flimsy struggle ensued, he could hear the strain of the interaction through the cracked door that sat in the middle of the shaded hall.

”*Just take your medicine, Mason.”* Hissed a masculine voice.

Hannibal heard the commotion inch closer to the door and found himself having to retreat.

Hannibal decided to file it away, an avenue to explore at a later date, possibly on a slower passing day, as today he had intentions of sitting around the river bank with some pencil and paper, to commit to memory the running tide that swept him up in his dreams.

Hannibal found himself somewhat grateful that Gideon lacked the nerve to follow through with Beverly’s treatment, and had recused himself. As it was currently, as long as Beverly was able to kick this infection his time here would be an easy one, and he would have plenty of time to try and satiate his curiosity on the goings on the estate.

Now, as he strolled down the grassy slope toward the dirt path that led toward the edge of the flowing river, he was only mourning the opportunity to see the brown haired omega.

He wished he could will him into his path, conjuring him by some miracle, as he was at a loss as to how to force a meeting that would not be spoiled by the omega’s ever present companion. It was obvious to Hannibal that the beautiful creature must reside in the western wing, Hannibal would have been able to scent him throughout the halls he walked daily. If the western wing housed the omega’s of the estate or even just the private residence of the owners family, either way, it meant that Hannibal’s access to it would be restricted inconveniently, with no way to talk his way through the doors.

Hannibal decided to shelve the line of thought to focus on finding shaded tree to sit under. He decided to sit with his back turned to the beaten path that lay a few meters behind him, instead focused on the way the light weaved between overgrown, tangled branches to cast shadows even as the light shone from each space between.

His mind slowed as he took turns between soaking in the scene and stroking the charcoal of his pencil up and down the page, wishing that he could do more than just take a mental image of this moment, that he would somehow be able to incapsulate the smell of the warm breeze, the sound of the rushing water and the gentle rustle of branches to the page as well.

He was so lost in his efforts to depict the scene before him that he hardly heard the soft footfalls on the path behind him. He did smell the sweet smell of omega creep up to him, the scent carried by the breeze.

It was not the same omega, but he didn't smell *dissimilar* to the sublime creature, but he lacked the sweet undercurrent that the curly haired omega carried with him. This omega, he was slightly skinnier, taller than the other man, just just as pale and with eyes as icy and cold as Mr. Graham, perhaps he was a relative. He smelled of unburnt tobacco and fresh forest air, the clove of his scent leaning into the earthy tobacco and casting a spice to his scent.

Not entirely unpleasant, on a different day it may even be alluring enough to turn his head. Today, his mind didn't hesitate to remind him of the lack of sweet caramel, how this omega, while beautiful, had eyes far too icy to warm Hannibal. His angular jaw and straight nose were aesthetically pleasing, but he was not in possession of the angelic beauty of the other man. This man did not drop his gaze as the other omega did not, preferring to maintain eye contact as he advanced toward the bench Hannibal rested on.

"You the new doctor?" He asked without introducing himself.

Hannibal felt irritations hot prickle at the back of his neck once more, but tried to tamper it down.

"Doctor Hannibal Lecter."

"You're here for Beverly." Not a question.

"I am."

Hannibal was sure this man already knew this information, having felt comfortable enough to approach a strange alpha while they sat alone in the woods.

"Are you planning to stay with us long?" The man asked shift weight between his feet as he assessed Hannibal still.

"I can't help but notice you haven't introduced yourself yet." Hannibal disregarded the question.

"I haven't have I?" He laughed not offered his name once more.

"You said 'with us' do you live on the estate?"

The omega didn't answer once more, shifting on his feet again as he leaned in closer to inspect Hannibal's drawing.

"You're good."

“Yes.”

Hannibal watched as this strange omega’s eyes drifted from where they inspected the thin lines of Hannibal’s pencil, to the tidy fingertips holding the pencil, drifting up his wrist and exposed forearm like a sultry caress, hardly hiding his interest. It may have peaked his interest on another day, but today, he was waiting on the appearance of a different brown haired omega.

“How long did you say you were staying for?” He murmured letting his eyes flicker over to meet Hannibal’s guarded gaze.

”I didn’t say.” Hannibal found himself wanted to evade the question, as some form of retaking the conversation, but felt it a paltry detail to withhold. “I’ll remain at the estate until Ms.Katz recovers.”

The man nodded and made steps to leave, smiling as if they had just shared a friendly conversation, and made his way back to the dusty path back to the mansion.

”Matthew.” He tossed over his shoulder with a flirty smile.

Hannibal smiled though it mattered little to him.

It wasn’t until the man was well out of sight he let himself relax.

He had expected to run into the other residents of the estate at some point, but he had expected that just as the curly haired angel, the other omega’s he met in his time on the exploring the grounds would also have a companion.

He was curious what it meant and returned his attention to the shadows before they shifted with the changing position of the sun.

Hannibal would later blame the concentration he gave to his drawings as the reason that he was so easy to sneak up on.

In truth, it was the quiet doelike steps Will took as he inched closer to the older man, careful to stay parallel to the drafty breeze so as not to alert him.

It only lasted until he was a few paces away, and Hannibal could do nothing to hide his amusement.

”An ambush?”

”An ambush implies that you weren’t expecting it.” The divine creature returned dryly.

The voice was familiar to him. The realization blessedly washed over him as he was faced away from the incandescent beauty that would undoubtedly crack his facade.

“If hoping is the same as expecting.” Hannibal found himself pleasantly surprised.

”Then no ambush, doctor.”

Hannibal smoothed his face to turn a little in his seat, twisting his body to admire the sweet omega in front of him. The weather was warm today, the breeze even carried an undercurrent of heat to it, so he wore only a thin grey tshirt, and it did nothing to hide the strong curve of muscles up his arms, or the curve of his waist that cinched in beautifully. It made Hannibal think briefly of what it might look like to have this man bent over, Hannibal's hands gripping those incrementally flared hips as he took his pleasure from behind, if this omegas slick might sink into his skin and imprint him with the scent of sweet aged bourbon, or if he could fuck his cum deep enough into his body that this omega may come out drenched in his own scent.

The angelic being before him remained unaware of his lecherous thoughts.

"You have no companion today." Hannibal noted.

"You just met him." He laughed waving a hand in the direction Matthew had disappeared in.

Hannibal looked this man over, he was young, his lush curls felt over a radiant clear skin, wrinkle free and stubble covered. He was certainly old enough to live independently, as in todays world even omega's from well off families learned to live independently before mating. Having a companion at this age, not being allowed to roam the grounds of the estate he lived in by himself, it was far older fashioned than Hannibal knew was common. It only served to intrigue him further.

"What is your name?" Hannibal asked letting him come closer to inspect the picture he was drawing much like the other omega had.

This omega, regardless of the breeding he must have, he did not seem particularly interested in the the social norms of their respective genders, leaning in to inspect it in a way that flooded Hannibal with his sweet scent. He seemed to not notice as his shoulder brushed Hannibal's leaving bourbon scented kisses on the fabric of his crisp white shirt.

Hannibal mourned the loss of the scent in his own bedroom, just a little miffed that this omega was bold enough to cross into his territory but not bold enough to leave a mark behind for Hannibal to relish.

"Will." He hummed still inspecting.

The pleasant curl of the simple name washed over most of the irritations hot itch in a soothing balm.

Will, he crooned, *sweet Will,*

Hannibal didn't stop himself. As Will inspected the drawing, eyebrows furrowed as his fingers hovered above the lines he trace, Hannibal watched Will's face intently. He hoped, in part, to catalogue each micro expression.

The alpha part of his brain was at war with itself, one half of him trying to reason that he ought to stay unassuming and non threatening, so as not to scare the pretty omega away. The

other half, the part of him that favored more primal urges, wanted to see Will's lithe muscled frame arched in pleasure.

He wondered briefly which urge would appeal more to the man.

"I hope you're as capable a doctor as you are an artist." Will gave him a look that was not actually complementary as he moved away and turned towards the path back to the courtyard.

"As luck would have it, I am." Hannibal wished he would at least turn back around to face him, just once more.

"Nothing about you seems lucky, doctor." Will didn't turn to say it, just offered the comment over his shoulder as he strolled forward, leaving Hannibal aching behind him.

His only consolation was knowing when he sunk into unconsciousness that night he would meet him there along the ruddy river.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal lives to yearn

This story is only going to be 9 or 10 chapters, I'm 2/3's of the way done writing it and it will be updating quickly.
Once more: chapter four will be posted on august 30th

consider leaving a kudo or a comment or don't 🤦‍♀️ Either way hope you're enjoying the story!

Rubine

Chapter Notes

You get the chapter early because I half ass proof read it and it had no glaring errors

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“It looks like your swelling is going down.” Hannibal said as he tilted Beverly’s head from side to side to inspect the swollen glands.

They were still red and full of infection, hot to the touch and no doubt sensitive, but still, they were less inflamed than they had been this morning.

Beverly sighed in relief when he gently dropped his grip and she struggled to sip her water even when he helped to support the glass in her hand so she could tip her head back with no strain.

He wished not for the first time in her acquaintance that she was not so stubborn as he could see how pained she was.

“Ask your damn question.” She choked out.

“Who is Will?” Hannibal didn’t hesitate to ask and he reached into his pocked for the bottle.

Beverly stopped short of opening her mouth a frustrated glint in her eye.

“You met Will?” She asked still unsure.

Hannibal didn’t answer and instead he waited. She would either tell him or she wouldn’t. She would either get relief today or she wouldn’t.

Her faced weighed her options clearly, and he could see her start to carefully construct her response before her mouth opened to speak once more.

”His name is Will Graham. I know him from college, he lives here with his family.” She said no more.

He let the annoyance shadow his face for a moment but he did hand over the pill.

That night he did see Will in his dreams as he predicted.

He was in the yard that his window overlooked at night, and he found himself wandering toward the opening of the gardens, the edge of washed out blue jeans and a casual sneaker disappearing behind its foliage enticing him to chase. As he crossed the green threshold he

found himself transported to the dark hallways nestled somewhere in the halls near Beverly's rooms.

He saw the tshirt covered back and messy curls disappear around the corner of a hall and he followed.

Hannibal turned the corner just to hit a wall, and he thought he heard a door shut behind him, and so he turned to look, but of course they were all shut.

He opened the one directly behind him, though he thought the sound may have been too far away to be this door. The smell of undisturbed dust and stale air met his nose. He noted the room looked much like what he expected his room looked like when unused. It had one queen bed and a desk tucked in the corner both covered in white fabrics to protect from dust. The bathroom door was slightly ajar, the warm light streaming through the crack in the darkness of the room. Hannibal went to step forward and met a solid wall. His inquiring fingers felt the worn wall paper that adorned the surface.

Stepping back it did just look like detailed wallpaper.

He opened the next door, touching the surface and meeting resistance.

He opened the door next to it and his fingers sunk through the pooling surface, the wallpaper absorbing his hand and letting him move through it.

He allowed himself to fall forward into the accepting cool surface and thought of cloves, caramel, and brown curls.

He awoke in his bed once more unsure if he had found Will in the end.

As he washed the scent of frustration off his body he considered what Beverly had told him.

Will was as he suspected, Mr.Graham's son.

Will hardly seemed like an innocent sheltered omega, the way some higher bred families kept their omega children. He did not seem to be a gentle blushing creature that was hidden away until they were arranged to be wed, though he had a chaperone often.

On the contrary, he was almost defiant in his disregard for the polite social constructs of their gender, so fearlessly holding his gaze and having the audacity even to be so unimpressed.

He was truly an enigma.

Hannibal felt his fangs ache a little to unsheathe as he washed the heady scent of his want off his skin.

He did eventually have to pull himself away from the comfortable heat of the water. He gratefully sipped at the dark roast presented on the tray at his door with lackluster hash browns and eggs for his breakfast.

Hannibal dressed for the morning and made his way to Beverly's room once more.

He saw that after yesterdays round of antibiotics her throat had reduced swelling and was again looking better than it had before.

He turned toward the supply closet in the back of the room, taking only a few extra seconds while he grabbed new bandages to change her into.

At this rate she would be fully recovered in a week.

He would be sent away. Away from the sublime light in his life that was *Will,* just as he had finally gotten a taste of that sweet name on his lips.

He would move on eventually, he was certain of it, no amount of dreams or decadent pheromones or even incandescent beauty would be able to hold him to one spot, not with his more private inclinations and inability to deny himself pleasure. It didn't amount to longevity in relationships he had found.

It didn't mean that he didn't want to extra time to indulge, just a little.

He slipped the antibiotics back into place and gave her a horse sized vitamin B instead.

"Why did Gideon decide to leave instead of treating your infection?" He asked holding out the bottle of morphine once more.

This question took her less time to consider.

"He had a disagreement with Mrs.Graham."

He did not feel satisfied with her answer once more and so refused to move to grant her the pill.

"His backwards ass views on omega's." Beverly had always been blunt.

He popped open the bottle and dropped a pill in her hand.

'Backwards' was an apt description.

It made sense given the art work and the statues, omega's were highly regarded here, and he could see how Gideon, no matter his talents as a doctor, offending with his vile opinions that he hardly tried to keep to himself.

Finding his afternoon lacking any entertainment as when he looked through his tote that carried the books he brought he found only informational texts. He found himself craving something more romantic, and thus found himself in the library for the afternoon parsing through the books on the tall shelves that lined the walls.

Many of the books were first editions, some not particularly well maintained, but still the collection was massively impressive.

He was sorting through a poetry in a language that looked vaguely familiar but he still could not fully understand. The book was one of the ones that was falling apart, but there were two

other similarly aged copies nearby which were much nicer, so he didn't feel bad as the spine creaked with every turn of a page.

Hannibal heard the door open softly behind him, smelled the alluring scent of omega enter the room and only felt a ping of disappointment it was not Will.

The disappointment faded to a low hum when he set eyes on the women in front of him.

She was wrapped in a tight white dress that hugged her curved figure and dipped down to show her gentle clavicle but did not dip down low enough to expose her cleavage.

He found himself mourning that dimly.

She was undeniably beautiful, in much a different way he couldn't help but compare, than Will was. Will had a rugged edge to his beauty where hers was smooth and cold, her gaze a ice blue. Her hair was blonde and is cascaded demurely over one shoulder in elegant curl, and found he did not mind its manufactured structure, she was too pleasing on the eyes to begrudge it.

His mind thrummed with a dim reminder of the sweet smelling male omega he dreamt of.

"You are familiar with Tullia?" She asked one pale arched brown lifting fractionally.

He glanced down to the book he was holding.

"I can't say that I am." He slipped a rehearsed bashful smile on. "I was only trying to understand the language, I have never seen it before."

She inspected him before drawing closer, almost floating in her strides. She smelled as cool as she appeared. Freesia and orange blossom wafted in the air as she moved through it, and he was curious if she tasted as flowery as she smelled.

As if sensing his impure thoughts, she settled him with cooly amused eyes and she stopped only a few short feet away.

"Olivette Tullia, she was an accomplished poet," She murmured glancing to the book in his hands. "a talented painter, as well."

This time she gestured toward the painting in front of them.

The omega women stood on the embankment of a rushing wine colored river, richer in color than that of his own dreams. Her hair was twisted up in an intricate updo, braids piled together to keep the dark strands from her face as she gazed lovingly down. She gazed down at a blond haired alpha as she pushed his shoulders down under the current, his face clenched in panic, eyes wide and mouth open in feeble protest.

"The omega is divine." He confirmed still drinking in the painting.

"It was a controversial idea for her time." The women agreed.

Her cool tone, her icy eyes, the pale shade of her hair, it was so enticing, he found himself looking at her with thinly vailed appraise.

”She wrote in her journals that she often based the characters in her paintings on the subjects of her affairs.” She ignored his look to inspect the painting as well.

“It must have been therapeutic.” He hummed still amused despite her polite rebuff.

”It certainly was.” She laughed and it was short, breathy and alluring.

She turned to him, facing him head on for the first time since moving closer, washing the air in flowery clean scent and considered him for a moment.

He felt awash at the attract he felt, his gaze unsure if it should be pinned to her full pink lips or her cold blue gaze, as it now held a spark of interest that had been reserved before.

He felt himself leaning forward just fractionally before there was a knock, and they jerked apart, to find a servant of the estate standing there, duster in hand.

”Excuse me.” She hid behind the furthest bookshelf and set to work, completely unaware of the tension between the omega and alpha angling away from each other pointedly.

”I enjoyed meeting you, I’ll be here treating Ms.Katz,” He offered a polite handshake with an amused glint to his eyes, “I hope I get the opportunity to see you again…”

”Bedelia.” She granted him a barely there smile as she shook his hand with a dainty grip.

”Hannibal Lecter.”

Chapter End Notes

Anyway leave kudos and comments if you feel like it

And check out Ritualistic !!!

Chapter 5 ‘Vermillion’ will be out on the 9/2/24 or whenever I feel like ig
It’s the chapter that has the sex in it if that’s what you’ve been holding out for

Vermillion

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

He was sipping his morning coffee at his bedroom window when he first caught sight of him,

Will, he noticed, often took to strolling along the bank into the woods and back through the courtyard, every morning. Behind him he could be expected to have entourage trailing him, his chaperone, whether that be the blonde women or Matthew, and two panting dogs hobbling after him as he marched through the dew covered grounds.

Hannibal liked to watch him, not getting the chance to glimpse Will as he moved through the estate much to his building frustration.

Today, however, it was not a soothing balm on his irritations to view Will's morning journey through the grounds. The shock had worn off, the feeling like a jolt through his body was fleeting, the rage flooding his veins and leaning his skin hot and tight as he watched the handsome man lead Will around, one arm around his shoulders as he gestured around the courtyard.

He said something Will must have found amusing, as he saw the title of his head as it went back and heard the amused chime of his laughter through the thin glass window.

He watched as Will nuzzled in to scent the man, not necessarily as romantic gesture, but maddening nonetheless.

What was somewhat more romantic, was the way the man held Will to him as he did so, one hand holding the back of his neck in a gentling and intimate cradle as he breathed in the sweet smell of Will's chocolate curls.

His breakfast this morning, one hard boiled egg and two piece of toast, it went untouched for the rage broiling in his stomach.

He spent all morning with the image seared in his minds eye.

He tried to read in the light of that same window, coming back to this spot after giving Beverly another vitamin and pain medication.

"Bedelia is a distant relative of the Grahams." Had been her concise answer.

Presently, he was trying to force himself through another page of the book he had brought with him, just as unenthused with its contents as he was the day before. Hannibal restarted the paragraph at the top of the page for what felt like the hundredth time, trying fruitlessly to absorb the meaning of the words in front of him.

He found himself glancing out the window as the light shifted throughout the day, unable to unroot himself from his view of the sprawling yard.

Hannibal did eventually have to break again, to give Beverly another tiny pain relieving pill.

”Anthony?” She had smirked against her glass and almost choked herself in the effort so she set the glass to the side.

He had described him roughly, trying to avoid adjectives like *handsome* and *well dressed* in favor of *invasively tactile* and, rather plainly, *tall.*

“Who is he?” Hannibal felt his patience wearing, already feeling far too vulnerable having asked at all.

“Anthony is a friend of the family. He tends to the gardens and comes to visit at holidays, there isn’t much else to say.” She shrugged.

”And Will?” He asked before he could stop himself.

Beverly paused a predatory smirk rolling accords her features.

”What about Will?” She asked with great mirth.

Hannibal was unimpressed and nearly did leave with the medication in hand.

”You’re really no fun you know that?”

He waited for her to answer his question with a resigned irritation.

Beverly seemed to weigh her words once more, considering her phrasing as she tilted her head from side to side with a little rocking motion.

”Listen, I don’t know anything for certain.” She warned him. “I just know Mrs.Graham and Bobby have always liked him. Will doesn’t seem to mind him either.”

Neither of them acknowledged allowed that ‘not minding’ was a far cry from the omega’s generally abrasive disposition.

It worried at him as he sat back in his stiff wooden chair perched at the window.

Dinner came and went, and he hardly spared it a glance, his stomach protesting against the hunger pangs, flashes of a cold dark basement bubbling up from the bowels of his mind, but he batted them away.

He just needed to get one more glimpse of the man.

When Will did finally appear, mercifully bereft of company, or his fat hounds, Hannibal let out an long exhale of air he hadn’t realized he had been holding tight in his chest. It felt and sounded undignified. He spared a moment to be grateful no one was around to have heard it.

He watched as Will walked at a leisurely pace, clad in dark jeans that hugged his thighs deliciously and another of his thin shirts, this one a crisp white that made him stand out against the fading sun that was bathing the landscape. He looked so beautiful as his pale skin reflected the pink edges of light, his brown curls cast in a shadow and appearing a few shades darker in the budding night. He moved lithely through the uneven hill of the yard, and stopped just short of the archway leading to the expansive gardens.

Will stood with his back turned to the mansion for a few long moments. He stared out into the dark trail that ran perpendicular to the river, and for an irrational moment Hannibal's temper flared, thinking that he must be waiting for the handsome alpha from before.

Will turned after a few tense seconds, eyes zeroing in on Hannibal's window with no hesitation.

They stared at each other for another long moment, Will staring up just as defiantly as he always had, not flinching away from the hard eyes looking down on him.

Hannibal could have imagined it, though he hardly made such mistakes, he found himself doubting it even as he shoved his sock sobered feet into his stiff leather shoes.

He thought he may have seen Will flick his head, beckoning with his eyes still raised in a daring challenge, before he turned and marched straight into the dark garden.

Hannibal couldn't stop himself from following, not bothering to straighten his clothes as he hurried to the back door. He hurried out to the courtyard, surprising himself with the speed in which he reached the tall bushes that frames the entrance of the garden.

Inside it was indeed a maze, and he remembered Alana's firm warning as he gazed at the two paths in front of him. He disregarded it entirely as the the scent of spiced cloves and sweet omega drifted from the path to his right. He felt the almost feral urges of his alpha to *chase, hunt, conquer.*

He tampered only the redder, sharper, edges of his instincts as he followed that sweet scent through the winding corridor of the gardens.

He turned down a shady path when he was hit with a steady wall of that alluring smell, and was only partially disappointed when he was met with only more green shrubbery and scent marked statue of the goddess omega.

Playful,

Running when being chased by an alpha was not something generally recommended, as it stroked the prey drive, which was intolerably high at the best of times. For an alpha like Hannibal, one that was at their physical and hormonal peak, their minds and bodies sharp as a blade and primed to *hunt,*

Hunt to provide,

Hunt to satiate their greedy urges to take,

Hunt their omega, when the necessity arose.

Hannibal would feel every bit of the caveman he was no doubt acting if it weren't for the right constrains of his pants and the unhesitating movement of his shoes against the brick pathway.

He knew little of this omega, besides the bold and fearless gaze he leveled, but somehow he doubted this cat and mouse chase was anything but intentional, a game meant to rile him up as he closed in on the omega's hiding spot.

The gardens were marked by thorny patches of rose bushes, grouped together on platforms and tapering off the closer he got a statue. No matter where he turned, and how far into the maze of bushes he got, every 30 meters or so the garden pathways would curve outward in a round half circle, a platform raised amongst jewel toned flowers planted at her feet and she stared loving down on the spectator.

His mind clouded over more heavily the further he walked, turning down endless corridors to hone in on the location of the alluring omega.

He was just about to pause to consider if he could find his way back with how recklessly he had moved through the flowery rows, the trail he had followed no doubt overpowered now by their fragrance. His mind stopped mid thought, the rational track of his kind derailed as he heard a breathy chuckle just up ahead.

In one of those dips in the path, stood in front of a statue of the omega, this one reaching down benevolently, stood the appealing form he had been chasing.

His frustrated growl spurned the man into movement, turning to acknowledge him for the first time since they'd seen each other at the window. Hannibal had no doubt Will had intentionally alerted him to his presence.

Hannibal took one moment and a long breath he fought to keep quiet to steady himself. He stalked up to the omega, the slightly shorter man studying him, not an ounce of fear in his gaze despite the wild glint that no doubt shown in Hannibal's. Hannibal felt the warm caress of his eyes slip over the rolled up sleeves, sliding up his forearms to the tight fit along his shoulders. He felt the pleased hum and raised eyebrow on the otherwise blank face like a sweet kiss, his prideful ego soothed so easily by the beautiful man before him.

"You wanted me to find you."

"If expecting and wanting are the same thing." Will returned letting his gaze slip curiously to the few exposed inches of Hannibal's chest, where the fading light and gentle breeze brushed against the curling hair the rested there.

Hannibal let himself draw closer, stopping only when a few inches separated them, and let the raging pheromones boiling under his skin hit the cool night air.

He was enraptured by the widening of Will's pupils, eyes dilating as his own smokey scent reached out to encompass the beautiful omega.

”Is this what you desired?” Hannibal let himself move incrementally closer, just to breath the air coming from his lungs.

Up close he smelled woodier and sweeter than before, the arousal curling around them and bathing them in the warm mix.

”Did you wait at your window all day just to see me?” Will teased his voice hardly containing a joke as he leaned up a little further into the quickly disappearing space between them.

Hannibal was equally displeased at his question being disregarded, and so pleasantly surprised at the audacity of the gesture in front of him. It was infuriatingly difficult to summon bitter feelings of his rudeness and lack of respect when every breath he took was laced with his mouthwatering scent. His eyes, the deep green drawing him in like a whirlpool, leaving him helpless to its heavy drag as it pulled him every closer.

”I won’t be cast out for sullying your innocence?” He teased as he drew closer.

They we’re so close now that Hannibal could feel the heat radiating from his body, the comforting heat of the omega brushing over his lips and it almost felt like they were already kissing.

“If only there was any left for you to sully.” Will’s chuckle was lost in the push of Hannibal’s soft lips.

Will let himself succumb to the kiss, allowing Hannibal to sweep him up in a way that was not at all dissimilar to the way he was held by Anthony earlier that same morning. Hannibal let his hand rest just below the pressure point below the base of his skull, not pressing down on the area of but holding the pale column dominantly. Will groaned into the welcome gesture, enjoying the tease of it all without the loss of control, and pressing himself closer to the rumbling alpha. He seemed to drink in every hungry grumble escaping the lips claiming his own, swiping his tongue against Hannibal’s open mouth.

Hannibal pushed him back, pressing him against the statue that thankfully didn’t falter under their combined weight. Hannibal let Will’s inquisitive tongue dip into his mouth to brush against his own as he focused on spreading his scent along the expanse of Will’s body. He started by brushing down his neck, skimming down his cotton covered chest, gripping the slight curve of Will’s waist, where it tucked in before his hips curved with strong muscle, and grinding their fattening, cloth covered cocks in the process.

He sucked on Will’s tongue as he let out a breathy shudder.

Hannibal felt his fingers grasp at his belt buckle, at first just drawing his hips closer for another sinful grind, but soon enough changing his mind to try and fit the digits between them to undo his belt.

Hannibal felt the arousal curling in his gut, skin on fire with the touch of the omega before him, his sweet scent burrowing deep into his mind and drawing out the desperate rumblings of an alpha gripped with *want.*

“No, sweet boy,” He cooed removing his fingers and kissing the disappointed whimper out of his mouth.

“Let me make you feel good.” Hannibal murmured his hand still holding Will’s neck to still him and he pressed wet kissed under his ear just above his scent gland.

He felt the hurried jerk of a nod against the plains of his face that were pressed against Will’s throat. He felt the tickle of Will’s fragrant curls brushing his nose and he did nothing to swallow the triumphant smile he pressed against Will’s skin before pulling away.

”Turn around.”

Will did as he was bid in a rare moment of obedience, turning his body to face the statue only to find himself pushed down onto the platform by the shoulder blades. The sight of Will pushed into the cool stone below, his hips propped up at just the right angle to present him so beautifully, the gentle swell of his cheeks straining a giant the unforgiving denim of his jeans, making the fabric cling tighter and giving Hannibal and better view of every dip and curve. Hannibal kept his hand on the nape of Will’s neck, still avoiding his pressure points, and ground his straining erection against the valley nestled between Will’s firm backside and groaned gratefully at the contact.

“Stay still.” He whispered kissed the dip of his tshirt covered spine.

Will wore no belt and that made it significantly easier to shimmy his hands in between the hard stone and Will’s body to undo the snap of his jeans and push them down to his knees.

Hannibal didn’t stop himself from one more dirty grind against the thinner resistance of Will’s boxers, removing the hand pinning the omega to grip his hip and he held him against the push of his hips, letting the other hand creep forward to cup Will’s rapidly filling erection.

”*Hannibal,”* Will panted, his face turned to watch the thick outline of Hannibal’s cock slide against his core.

“I haven’t been able to stop thinking of you.”Hannibal moaned as he continued to move against the still immobile omega.

His submission in allowing Hannibal to rut against him like a depraved animal only inciting the primal urges ripping through his body.

”I’m sure you thought of me always.” Will answered surprisingly dry for now breathless he was.

Hannibal could hardly register the flat tone for how hungry he was drinking in the sight before him.

“Are you going to do something about it or are we just going to grind against each other like a bunch of kids?” Will goaded.

It was enough to leave his alpha roaring, the jest hitting his ego somewhat irrationally, and it was all he needed to step back and rip down the thin cotton boxers.

He was even more glorious than Hannibal had expected, his hole pink and leaking sweet smelling slick, the wetness glinting against the rising moonlight. The thin opening of his inner labia dripped with the evidence of Will's arousal, and Hannibal didn't deny himself the pleasure of skimming his tongue along the sensitive pink ridges, licking up the slick threatening to spill out onto the ground below.

He did nothing to hide his gratified moan as his tongue slipped in further, coaxing the soft lips apart with his pointed tongue, venturing to keep it soft enough the it felt like he was lathing gently to the sweet gushing hole while collecting every drop of the intoxicating juice on his tongue as he could manage.

"How you *taste,"* Hannibal gasped pulling back only feel himself pulled back as if by supernatural force to lay more kisses down on the fluttering opening.

Will gripped onto the unyielding stone holding him up and wailed, in earnest as Hannibal continued to feast on his throbbing cunt. It was an instinctual noise for omega's, it was a desperate heart clenching wail that urged alpha's to act, act in a way the omega needed to relieve their stress. It was wildly intimate. By the look of Will's face, his brows furrowed and his mouth dropped open in a surprised O, he had not been expecting it to rip out of his throat either.

It shocked Hannibal as much as it pleased him, his tongue curling up to stroke the swollen bud of Will's clit. He spent time swirling his tongue around the throbbing bundle of nerves, relishing the shuddering gasps of the omega below him.

Hannibal felt the unconscious and unwilling shake of his hips as he struggled to stay still against the long strokes of Hannibal's wet appendage. With every greedy, possessed groan that erupted from the older alpha as he devoured every damp inch of Will's cunt the omega crawled closer to his orgasm.

Will was so beautiful in his pleasure, gasping out against the body wracking shudders, and still he was able to keep himself pinned to the stone even as his body shook. The face he made as he climbed closer to his climax was breathtaking, his face screwed up as he inches closer towards gratification with every slick brush of Hannibal's mouth against his sensitive core.

Hannibal pulled back just as it felt like he may burst, his pleasure just about to peak and cut woefully short as the cool night air touched his throbbing hole.

"*Hannibal."* He couldn't believe the gall of this man, but he was already gasping against the sensation of him sucking the skin of his thighs into his hot mouth.

"I'm sorry, sweet boy," Will groaned his hand coming back to hold Hannibal's head as it sucked a bruise into his sensitive inner thigh. "Hold out just a little longer for me."

"*Why?"* Will whined out.

"Be good." Hannibal gave one firm nip at the aching bruise. "Let me drink my fill."

The scandalized curl of Will's face and the blush the overtook his face was chased away by the unsuspecting yelp he gave when he he felt Hannibal's tongue run up seam of his pussy.

"*More,"* Will begged feeling the pressure start to build its slow momentum toward.

Hannibal obliged, but only just, running his tongue along the same path, dipping down the tinniest bit lower in his warm cavern, but the difference hardly noticeable as Will gave a disappointed sigh.

Hannibal took pity after the fourth pass of his barely there pressure and he moved closer into Will's core, slurping the juices rushing out with desperation he hadn't known he was capable of.

He'd known all sort of carnal pleasure, fucked and allowed himself to be fucked in almost every position known to man, never shy to slip his head between the thighs of whichever wide eyed pretty thing had wandered their way into his insidious web of seduction before. He's always loved the wet gush of fluid against his tongue, drinking it down happily and eagerly, taking a little essence of each of his partners with him as he left, regardless of whether he meant to make meal of them once more under different circumstances.

This was different, the gushing hole was suctioning him in, making it near impossible to break his stroking tongue away from the soaked lips nestled between Will's cheeks. He craved that oaky clove, wanted it to soak in and coat every crevice of his mouth so that he could taste it with every breath he took in.

Will was still crying out against the pleasure, the bliss overtaking his features as he climbed closer and closer to orgasm, a content smile forming on his petal pink lips.

His hips were vibrating once more, signaling that he would soon be overcome with his climax, and so Hannibal, in an effort compromise and meet both of their needs, pressed a gentle swirl on the throbbing bud of Will's clit only until he heard Will sob his release out, muffled by the hand he brought it his lips, trying to keep himself from being overheard.

His pulsing hole gave one large swell before Hannibal's waiting mouth was filled with sweet juice he eagerly drank down with a pleased moan.

Hannibal let him catch his breath before he flipped him back over to face him, sharing the taste of Will orgasm between them.

He seemed dazed, pleasantly distant, his eyes lacking focus as he lazily kissed back.

It filled Hannibal with animalistic pride, feeling much like he had firmly implanted himself in the man's psyche with the force of his pleasure.

"I've never…" Will didn't look embarrassed just frustrated at his own admittance even as the words fell from his lips.

He was too old to reasonably expect to be untouched, not that Hannibal could bare to think of that now, with the irresistible thing nestled in his lap, drenched in Hannibal's overpowering

alpha scent.

Pride washed over him, even though he knew it was quite silly, but he couldn't help his chest swelling at the knowledge that he had been the first to give Will that particular sexual high.

"No one has ever made you feel good enough to make to you release into their mouth?" He couldn't help asking, grabbing Will's chin in an unforgiving grip so that he could force the omega to look into his eyes. "A missed opportunity for them."

He said it slipping his tongue into Will's slightly parted lips not unlike the way he had slipped it against the opening of Will's pussy.

Hannibal decided not to address the other meaning of his words, the keening wail that ripped itself from his throat as Hannibal feasted on him.

They did eventually have to pull themselves away from each other, or they ran the risk of sitting out in the cooling night until the found themselves in another compromising position.

Hannibal wouldn't have minded but Will did start to shiver once the dark settled fully over the sky, and Hannibal felt compelled to bring him back to the mansion at once.

Hannibal followed behind Will's sure steps as they moved through the maze of bushes and bloomed roses. It felt both romantic and fanciful and left him feeling wrong footed at once, following the omega and being led by the hand by the soft hand as they moved closer toward the exit.

Hannibal shook his head at his own ridiculous thoughts and tried to enjoy the last few moments he got to spend in Will's company. As his head shifted he caught sight of what looked like someone ducking being a row of bushes out of sight.

He dropped Will's hand and the man didn't seem to notice.

They continued walking, turning a down another identical row of rose bushes and statues.

Hannibal felt suspicion creep over him as he didn't remember taking this many turns or walking as long as they had been, but tried to reason that there would be no incentive for Will to get Hannibal lost with him.

He heard a branch snap behind him.

He turned to look, and he heard Will do the same behind him.

When he moved to look back at Will he was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Chapter six ‘Cinnabar’ will be out on 9/3, or before maybe it depends on when I can get to editing

Kudos or comment or don’t💁🏻‍♀️

Cinnabar

Chapter Notes

> Sorry for the chapter being late! Ao3 being down the day before kind of got in the way of editing and then the next day I got an itch to change some things in the story so it may actually come out to be a little longer than 10 chapters?? Not more than 12 or 13

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal felt his exasperation building as he forced himself to complete his daily activities. He washed, he ate, he took care of Beverly, and he read by the window.

He was still too prideful, his ego still too wounded to go looking for Will or allow himself to glance from the window.

He ate his meager breakfast, today just some toast and a sausage link, and let the caffeine wash over him as he considered what he might do next.

He felt foolish for allowing himself to be so easily seduced, Will hardly even needing to ask before he followed him through the gardens. The frustration of his own ridiculousness was clawing at him and he more than once that morning stopped to berate himself for acting like a love struck child. Will surely was beautiful, his gruff charm undeniable, his taste without compare,

But was he likely to be the only omega in the world who could accept him as he is? All of his oddities, his secrets, his grudges, could any person truly accept these things?

Could he ever try and dampen these urges to try and meld with another? Would Will be worth such a venture?

He thought of the watery slick pooling in his curled tongue as as he sucked the proof of Will's pleasure into his mouth.

He wanted it again, and he felt his irritation rise once more.

Shameless glutton,

Hannibal had gone many years hungry, he knew what it was to feel ravenous. What it felt like as your stomach shrunk, how it felt like the walls of it was collapsed in on itself as raging acid bubbles in the deflated organ. He knew what it was to dream only of sugar and meat to the point of madness, as he felt his body thin and his mind grew fuzzy with the lack of proper nutrients. He'd known the fatigue that overcame your body as it failed, no longer even prompting you to eat instead asking you to stay still to try and prolong your slow descent into the grave.

It was not unlike how he felt not knowing when he may be able to taste him again.

He was despondent, and he couldn't stand himself for it.It was pathetic, uncomfortable and ill fitting, it felt foreign to him as he had simply refused such indignities long ago as a young man. Once he had stepping into who he was, allowed himself the pleasure of spilling the blood of those he found contributed little to the world. He saw them mindless livestock with little offer beside an occasional nuisance, one he would remember to eradicate from the world at a later more convenient date for him, as their existence hindered him enough, he would not let their ugly behavior decide when he took his prize. The amount of preparation, the attention to detail and the capacity to remember, all while maintaining his carefully crafted facade to cover his blood soaked tracks. None of it allowed any space for such things as *despondency,* there was no room in that for preposterous fantasies of spending lazy mornings drinking in Will's arousal until he cried out against the sheets. No sneaking in into their nest at dawn, the humid air of the shower still clinging to his skin as he fucked the remnants of adrenaline from his kill into his willing, accepting body.

No, this was reality, and Will would be disgusted if he knew the truth of it.

Hannibal willed the ache of it all away to no avail.

He was left no choice but to start his day in such low spirits as Beverly was soon due for her dose of pain medication.

He sat unsure if he should press forward with the ruse of not treating her properly to prolong his stay at the estate, perhaps it truly was best to keep his head down and leave while he still maintained some dignity.

As if God himself heard his internal quandaries he was faced in the flesh with the alpha of his ire, the man he couldn't stop wondering about. In any other circumstance, one where he wasn't irrationally attached to the idea of Will taking permanent residence on his face, sustaining the alpha below him only with his sweet candied slick, possibly he would be attracted to this curly haired alpha, his eyes an enticing blue green, his dark curls falling over his forehead charmingly and still quite neat despite his too fashionable to care flop it had to it. He was tall, and he filled the space with his crisp alpha scent, sandalwood and the sharp clean scent of eucalyptus, it was appealing surely.

As the scent hit his nasal passages it took every inch of control he had to clamp down tight on murderous rage that shook through his veins.

He smelled not only of his sandalwood and eucalyptus, but he smelled strongly of Will, strong enough that if there were any lingering traces on Hannibal he may not even be able to sense it.

The red heat of his rage clouded his vision, leaving him to crawl into his own mind to hide it away. His actions were now robotic and detached as he forced himself to walked passed the alpha who gave him a polite nod as he went, and resisted the urge to reach out and snap his neck as he did.

He hardly remembered going into Beverly's room, he was dimly aware as he asked her if she planned on returning to society, she said no, and he left.

But it felt like blood was rushing, pumping dangerously fast to his head as he felt his skin redden, and it drowned out all else.

Will had gone to *him,* touched him long enough to leave his scent like beacon for him to find. Just last night he had struggled to stay still as Hannibal had ravished him with the desperation of a man starved and now Anthony was painted with the scent of him, it curdled his blood.

He managed to get back to his room with little issue and he locked the door behind him, though no one was likely to follow after him.

He paced around the room, his mind still simmering with the his fury as he thought of all the ways Anthony could have become so soaked in the omega's scent.

Every one made him more murderous than the last.

He considered all the ways he could kill Anthony, briefly thought of killing Will but disregarded the possibility quickly. Hannibal thought of stringing him up, posing him like the loving omega goddess looking lovingly down, laid with fresh flowers and splayed open. He considered leaving him beheaded like the alpha from the portrait, head carelessly tossed to the side as fed the river the blood rushing from his neck.

He could hardly bring his temper down, deciding to shower to try and wash the smell of agitation on his skin down the drain.

Standing under the warm spray and focusing only on the soothing lather of his soap that washed away the bitter burnt notes in his scent helped calm him some, but he still felt uncomfortable with all that had happened. Still, he felt humiliated, rejected, and furious at all that had transpired.

The memory of how Will moist opening felt against his lips, Will's damp cheeks brushing slick along his face as he pushed forward to taste more of that slippery caramel juice.

It had him achingly hard, not having the energy in him to even take himself in hand after the hours spent trying to find his way from the maze of a garden the night before. He felt ridiculous as he reached down to grip his filling cock.

He brought himself near orgasm mechanically, jerking his stiff flesh without even bringing his hands down to tighten around his knot. He felt the mortification of the last twenty four hours all the more on his shoulders as he spilled into his hand, his mind still free enough to conjure images of Will's fluttering pink hole and sharp omegan cries from his memory.

He faced the window that overlooked the garden. It was getting late, the sun was setting once more, and Hannibal would have to visit Beverly once more to give her another pain medication.

He was still undecided on his next steps going forward.

Every testosterone filled vein, every muscle in his body, every primal caveman thought that crossed his mind, they all screamed *fight for him.*

But the rational portion of his brain, the part that he tried to live by, it urged him to treat Beverly as quickly as possible and exit with as much grace as he could muster.

This beautiful boy had him twisted in knots.

Hannibal looked up from buttoning up his shirt, glancing out the window once more and finding Will standing there at the gardens.He was not facing the house, instead staring out into the dark trail by the river arms crossed against the cooling hour as he waited.

Hannibal could stop himself from standing there, hoping, praying, Will would turn his incomparable form to face the house, his beautiful green eyes focusing in on Hannibal's bedroom window as he did the night before, beckoning him.

Instead he stood rooted to his place as Will waited and the minutes crawled by until the person he was waiting for showed. Anthony broke through the shade of the trees on the path becoming visible in the fading light of the evening as he approached the archway of the garden.

He had a breathtaking smile slapped on his face as he rushed the omega, picking him up in a carefree hug, allowing the omega to muzzle in to take a great inhale of his scent. When Anthony did set him down it was to rub his hands up and down the bare arms and to slip off his own corded cardigan to drape around Will as he led Will into the gardens by the shoulders, Will gazing up at him with a sweet look on his face.

Hannibal's rage stilled, feeling as if something inside him simply clicked inside and quieted all the inner turmoil that was rotting his brain.

'Mrs.Graham and Bobby like him.'

'I'm sure I'm all you've thought about'

Beverly and Will's words washed over him.

Will had feelings for Anthony, likely always had, and had only been hoping for discreet and brief affair, but he had never truly *wanted* Hannibal. He was keeping his heart for this other alpha, young and handsome, and in all likelihood, not serial killer with twenty years of experience under his belt.

The familiar feeling of loneliness gnawed at him, the stinging hollow feeling in his chest as he was reminded that the choices he had made not to deny himself led him him to this point, and still unable to regret it fully. Only mourning what was lost to him, and that he desperately wished to share this encompassing, warm, darkness with another, and to feel them turn to him not with disgust but with wonder.

To see it as something to be celebrated as opposed to something dirty and ugly.

It wouldn’t be Will, no matter what he wished, how he wished to push and infect his mind until he was twisted a gnarled like Hannibal was.To form him like clay and build him into something that could weather the unpredictable storms of his darkness.

Hannibal was unable to bring himself to follow the pathways of his mind that led him to plans of just that. He couldn’t bring himself to justify the levels of cruelty he might have to inflict, feeling it may be a quality Will would find insufficient and may just push him further into the path of a kinder, weaker alpha.

No, instead he would do nothing. He would start giving Beverly the antibiotics once more, and he would leave this estate, and hopefully all thoughts of Will Graham behind forever.

That night he does give her an antibiotic instead of a vitamin, and he asks her another shallow question about her life before she came here to the estate.

When he returned to his room he found a stiff sealed envelope on a tray outside of his door. It was a dinner invitation from the lady of the house, Mrs. Graham her dramatic penmanship with all of its looping curves and slanted edges pleasant and elegant, he found himself pleased to be receiving the invitation.

Chapter End Notes

chapter 7 will be posted on 9/7/24
kudos or comment or don’t 🤷🏻‍♀️ It’s your life

Carnelian

Chapter Notes

> More Beverly because she isn't dying anymore woooo go Beverly
>
> EDIT: I thought it was the seventh but it's the sixth. Sleep deprivation is killing me but I will persevere long enough at least to finish this story! Just like… make sure to keep in mind that's it's give or take a day when I say I'm gonna update🤣

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal set the full bottle, now only ten pills left, such a short period of relief, but even so Beverly couldn't hide her pleasantly surprised expression and didn't try.

"The curiosity must be killing you." She said finally lifting her eyes off the bottle to look him in the eye with a smirk threatening the corner of her lips. "Ask."

"You have never mentioned any second gender related dysphoria." He hinted feeling it may be clumsy to put it too bluntly.

"Been looking for it?" She asked with an eyebrow raised.

"No." he admitted. "I had never considered if it was something you might struggle with."

"I struggle with the societal consequences of being an omega," She grimaced, "the expectations."

He could see the flashes of *sit straight, perhaps a milder tone, does an omega need a **degree?*** Like it were a movie playing in short bursts as the impacts of those moments hit Beverly's conscious once more.

"I was fine with who I was, it didn't bother me." She added.

"And yet…" He gestured to the room.

"Have you ever met someone that made you want to be a better man, Doctor Lecter?" She reverted back to his title, highlighting the personal nature of the question in a way that felt pointed.

"Only myself." It was a lie, but the truth of it was still too vulnerable for him to admit even to himself.

"And a better alpha?" Her eyes bored into his in uncharacteristic sharpness, her questioning pulling at his chest.

He did not answer, not entirely sure the answer would sound as convincing a second time.

”Yeah, me too.” She nodded her features softening.

He stayed silent a moment longer before she continued.

”Do you remember Ophelia Moore?” She asked in the silence, and it sounded an ill fitting change of topic. “She was an alpha, and then she met Angelo and Maxwell.”

Ophelia Moore had caused quite the scandal, a high bred alpha women, rare as anything, being brought low to the status of an omega by choice. For something as common as *love.* In the confines of modern society, it was unspeakably indulgent, when instead of properly mating and shifting one’s identity to be happy, they could instead keep those things behind closed doors. Instead, she had converted her secondary gender in a fashion rather degradingly described as ‘bitching’. Little was it ever mentioned, that the only reason Ophelia chose to become an omega was so she could mate with an already mated Alpha, because it would have ruined Angelo’s career had they decided to mate before the conversion. Allowing another alpha to mate with Maxwell would have undermined his status as an alpha, and in many regards, as a man.

Hannibal had never refrained from inviting them to his parties, if only to hear Maxwell’s award winning piano playing and Ophelia’s unflinching opinion on the cuisine, though she had never made one disparaging remark, he knew she would had she felt inclined.

”I still don’t understand.”

She sighed, her face screwed up in thought as she formulated her response.

”I met someone, two someone’s. Zeller and Price. We worked together.” She smiled at the memory. “We didn’t really hit it off at first, Zeller was an incorrigible prick most of the time, and Jimmy only egged him on.”

”A workplace romance?” He asked playfully.

”Shut up, it was very cute, actually.” She snorted. “What I had not considered when I met them was that they were part of their own society, with their *own* social customs.”

“And you violated those customs?”

“Not necessarily, just that, in this case, three was a party, four might have been a crowd.”

It took a second for the information to click into place.

”They’re omegas.”

“And here, in the culture they grew up in, the alpha often isn’t considered the primary partner between two omega’s. Often, the omega’s will mate, and choose an alpha together.”

”And you were chosen?” He asked a little surprised.

“I was shocked too, but the more time we spent together, the longer it went on…” She shook her head with a pained flinch. “I knew they would eventually have to settle and mate.”

“You couldn’t bare it.”

“No.”

”And you could not join them?”

“I could have.” She nodded in acknowledgment. “But then, omega’s and alpha’s they fulfill different aspects of a relationship don’t they?”

“They do.”

It was simple biology, and really the only evolutionary purpose for such a thing as secondary genders, a call to breed. To posses, to provide, to protect their young, and it was expressed differently among both genders. It is unsure if it is truly instinct, hardwired into your brain by hormones and puberty, or if it was social, though Hannibal reasoned it was likely a bit of both.

Omega’s were often manipulative and soft spoken, using their soft tones and gentle pheromones to get their way from their alpha’s. It was not uncommon for fights to be dissolved entirely when an omega came upon the violence and filled the space with their sweet calming scent. Omega’s often could use it to get their way with their alpha, using soft whines that only omega’s could make to rip into their psyche and call them to provide for their omega.

And their children.

“It did not soothe you that your children would share a sire?”

Hannibal had heard the experience could be a bonding one.

Beverly looked disgusted.

”No.”

“Can’t share?”

She stopped in her tracks of reaching for the pain pills settled near her.

”Could you, doctor?” She asked with a raised brow.

The very idea of it offended him and her point was taken.

”Even now, they could decide to mate another alpha. It isn’t my decision, and making it my choice was not the point. The point was, in this relationship, what dynamic would fit the best?” She shrugged. “I would rather play the part that has me giving myself to them. My bite, my children, all of it is for them. It couldn’t be that way if things had stayed the same.”

It was a refreshing perspective. To see yourself not as one stepping into power by transforming yourself into an alpha, and instead accepting the true power of the omega. The only one of the species with the power to bring life into the world, the only one with the power to determine the health of the mating, and to give that power knowingly and willingly not only to one mate but to two.

Even after he had left the room he was pondering the conversation.

He had gathered from the art work that hung from every wall and the statues that littered the grounds, omega's were revered here. They were held in high regard, highly coveted and cherished by their alpha counterparts.

'My bite, my children, all of it is for them,'

She wanted them to have her always, even if she were to perish, or even if they were to break the bond. They would always have a piece of her. If anyone had asked him if he had understood this feeling he would say he did not, as he had always framed the idea of children as something an omega might one day give him, and not the other way around. That the child that would come of it would of course, be his, his to provide for and to protect, but his all the same. Now, he considered what it might be like to see Will swollen with child, his, and if he would still feel as if that child were a product of himself or the omega.

He knew in his heart, any child that had Will's mop of curled brown hair, or lush green eyes, would be Will's, and that no amount of his contribution could make them anything other than Will's.

Just the thought of Will, full with child, it sent a thrill through him. He hadn't craved the idea of a family in so many years, he had almost forgotten how to feel the sting of lack as he used to. It felt vacant and cavernous and it bit at the more primal edges of his mind.

'*They could decide to mate another alpha…'*

Did Will share this privilege? Did he share the want of multiple mates? Was he, too, waiting for an omega he preferred to help him decide which alpha they should tie themselves to? Was he simply shopping around as he determined the kind of relationship he was looking for? Or was he, as Hannibal had suspected, simply wasting time until the alpha he truly wants becomes available?

The very thought of Anthony sent cold chills of fury through him. The chills warmed to a boiling point, his brow lining with sweat as he tried to imagine the adorable cherub faces of the children Anthony and Will might be able to produce, and felt nauseous.

'Can't share?'

'*Could you, doctor?'*

That was an impossibility.

The thought of waiting for Will, still heavily pregnant and radiant with the life he was giving, and being comfortable without the knowledge of who fathered the child, it riled him so and it was only a thought. It was not reality and yet, the thought of nights alone, prowling dark streets and returning to his solitary home, of knowing Will was mated to another who would be coming home to him, it ached like a physical blow to his sternum.

He could still hear the breathy pitch of Will's moan as he fought to still himself so that Hannibal could taste him, fighting the urge to drive himself back on the pleasure he was receiving and allowing Hannibal to control the timing of his release. Hannibal could comfort himself with the knowledge that no matter how much love was shared between Will and Anthony, that Anthony would never make him feel as good as he had.

No, that keen omega wail that Will had bit down, it had been instinctual and raw, and it had surprised even the omega it had been ripped from. Hannibal wouldn't be surprised to know if it was the first time it had been made without Will's urging, spilling naturally from his worn vocal cords.

Experience, at least, was on his side.

Hannibal dressed for dinner, skipping out of his pressed white shirt into a dark colored suit, and a wine colored shirt, his own reference to his dreams of the omega, a little pleased he was the only one who would be in the know. His fingers twitched for want of something to do but otherwise his outward appearance was collected.

Hannibal found himself nervous to be face to face with both Will's mother, who he had not heard much about at all, and Mr.Graham, who did not seem at all impressed with him in the least. Will's presence both stabilized and unmoored him in one debilitating feeling, unsure of how he might feel upon seeing the captivating omega for the first time since their brief moment of passion in the gardens, and having watched him enter those same gardens under similar circumstances with another alpha.

Perhaps he should kill Anthony, in that case he would never have to worry about the inevitabilities of Will mating him and baring his children.

With every step down the staircase he thought of a new possibility,

Anthony, with his neck twisted around to look behind him, his limbs broken at odd angles, his heart open and stuffed with hyacinth and yellow rose, suspended above the archway of the gardens,

Anthony, headless, belladonna stuffed down his gaping exposed throat, posed as if he was crawling desperately for the ruddy waters, made red by his own bodily run off,

It took some of the edge off as he descended and made his way toward the main dining hall.

The heavy double doors were opened by the alpha serving staff to allow him entry.

Inside sat Will, his sweet curls accented by the dim lighting of the chandelier, the gentle crooked slope of his nose catching the light, as well as his high cheekbones and the delicate

eyelashes that rested on them. He did not rise to greet his guest.

The other omega in the room, Elisabeth Graham, for certain as she shared Will's enchanting gaze, she rose from her seat to greet him, her face spread into a delighted smile. Mr.Graham held her hand limply, rising as well, though he looked no more welcoming than Will. He cast a few irritated glances and an awkward nod Hannibal's direction as Elisabeth rushed forward to lead Hannibal to the table.

"Doctor Lecter! We are so happy you accepted our invitation," Her voice was the slow, unrushed cadence of the upper middle classes from the East coast.

Will and Mr. Graham looked anything but grateful for his presence, but Elisabeth's warm receptions and familiar manners comforted him greatly. If he was capable of anything, it was slithering his way into the good graces of the higher echelons of society, and he may just find an ally in Elisabeth if he played his cards right.

"Please, Mrs. Graham, call me Hannibal."

Hannibal didn't move to shake her hand, instead he gave a more polite gesture, one that was older fashioned than was common today, that you might usually give to a mated omega of high status. Hannibal tipped his head on the side that his scent glands were not on, only a few inches, a hardly there incline. His eyes averted to the ground, allowing Mrs, Graham to step into the space to allow the eye contact.

"My, you certainly are traditional." She laughed with good grace waving him over to his seat but her smile lingered all through dinner.

"How long have you lived in Baltimore?" She asked as they cut into streaming roast at dinner.

Hannibal's mouth watered and he struggled to hide the discomfort the aroma's of dinner was bringing to his stomach. He chewed his carrot politely before he answered.

"It will be ten years in August."

"I've always enjoyed the city, it's so rich in culture." She smiled over the wine glass.

"That is for certain." He laughed risking a glance across from him.

Will was staring unimpressed as he chewed thoughtfully on a small cut of roast. His scent was almost overpowered by the food in front of them, but underneath it all Hannibal could almost the taste the smooth bite of bourbon roll over his tongue.

"I've never liked the city much." Mr.Graham grumbled from Elisabeth's right side. "Too much noise, too many people."

"The country is much quieter." Elisabeth hardly minded his negativity, patting his hand with a sweet smile.

”Besides, where would we find somewhere with enough space for the gardens?” Will asked emotionlessly still staring at Hannibal.

Hannibal felt a flush of heat move through him at Will’s acknowledgment. He was sure his eyes flashed the irritation he was feeling, the feelings of rejection and humiliation bubbling back up from the depths of his chest. They were not enough to douse the embers of arousal nestled in his loins from sparking to life.

”True enough, my love.” Elisabeth laughed jauntily, unaware of the change in her guests energy as he froze to lock eyes with her son.

”The real estate in the city is certainly lacking in that regard.” Hannibal forced himself to draw away to smile with her.

“Have you seen the gardens, Doctor?” Will asked his eyes still boring into the side of Hannibal’s face.

”I have been advised not to venture into them without the help of a knowledgeable guide. I was told people *often* get lost.” Hannibal returned his deadpan stare.

Will understood the hidden meaning of his words, his eyes flashing with his own annoyance as his jaw clenched around his reply.

”’*Often’* isn’t the word I would use.”

“It was what I was told.” Hannibal let his hurt guide his actions.

”You have been misinformed.” Will returned his fingers twitching in an effort to remain still.

”Having seen them only from the view of the room I am staying in,” Hannibal’s eyebrow raised a hair, his face unchanged unless you watched the brow lift. “I would say they are imposing, certainly. I could see how one could get lost without assistance.”

“Who gives a rats—“ Mr. Graham’s contribution was cut short by Will.

”I just don’t think we should jump to *unfounded conclusions*, and I believe Doctor Lecter is fully capable of navigating a simple garden easy enough.” Will rested back in his seat with his arms crossed

The air was tense, Mr and Mrs. Graham watching the scene with varied levels of worried curiosity.

“Of course, you would know best.” Hannibal gave him a vacant smile to try and dispel some of the heaviness that surrounded them.

The conversation remained polite for the rest of the evening, Will hardly glancing up from his meal as he shoved the food around without eating a bite of it.

Hannibal felt his displeasure all through the night. The anxiety that had rested in his chest since he had received the invitation to dinner the night before was magnified, growing ever

larger as the minutes ticked by with no improvement in Will's mood, his gruff, disinterested demeanor mirroring his fathers.

Elisabeth seemed charmed despite it all, perhaps used to Will and Mr. Grahams attitudes. She asked about his life in Europe, and he disclosed the polite version of his residence in Florence. She was enthralled, telling him how she had lived there too, as a girl, and decided to come to America on vacation and had ultimately chosen to stay, for the love of the alpha to her right.

"He charmed me into staying." She cooed staring deeply into the stoic face of her mate, her bite on full display as she stretched to reach out a soft hand along his cheek.

Mr. Graham remained mostly expressionless but for the ever so slight curl up of the corner of his lips as she did so, his eyes warming just a fraction.

"There is no better reason to relocate." Hannibal smiled.

Elisabeth looked surprised as she straightened in her chair and let her hand fall away from her mate.

"You would consider relocating for such reasons? Even with your practice and life being based in the city?" She asked her head tilted in interest.

"I have lived a million lives, what's one more, for the sake of love?" He made sure not to let his gaze slide over to the omega across from him.

She seemed happy with this answer, nodding her head in agreement with a small smile.

Dinner was concluded with a simple desert, a three tiered cake topped with cherries.

"You'll have to excuse us, Mr. Graham has an early morning tomorrow." The mated couple excused themselves before the desert had the chance of be distributed. "Hannibal, we will have to catch up once more before you leave us, promise me?"

She smiled beautifully when he nodded his assent, and Hannibal felt pleased with her reception of him.

The staff followed the couple, and Hannibal expected the white shirted attendants to remain on the interior of the room as the pulled the doors shut, but instead they crossed into the exterior of the room and closed the doors behind them.

The cake sat between them, untouched but for the two slices plated before them.

As Hannibal retook his seat they locked eyes, neither of them budging at the hard eye contact. Hannibal rested his wrists atop the table, settling in to this battle of wills they had brewing between them.It was an inopportune moment for blood to be rushing towards his groin, his mind slowly hazing with his satisfaction at having the eyes of this omega locked onto him.

"You left me." Hannibal stated folding his hands in a matter of fact manner.

Will only shrugged.

Hannibal took his lack of answer for what it was, a lack of regret.

”I’ve enjoyed your company, Mr. Graham, but I also have an early morning tomorrow.” Hannibal found it silly to be rising just as he sat, but he did anyway.

The nerves of his chest ached more and more with every step he took toward the heavy double doors, his feet carrying him away from the objects of his affection. He was unable to force himself to stop, urging himself *turn back, forgive him his transgressions,* but his wounded pride propelled him forward. Every step sounded like a boom against the silence of the room and when he finally did reach out to grasp the golden door handle he was struck frozen.

Will let out a frustrated little whine, another sound that was uniquely omegan, and something almost as intimate as what he had vocalized in the gardens.

It stopped Hannibal stone cold in his tracks, hand hovering mere inches from where it would grasp the door.

He felt the anxiety drain from him in one blessed moment of peace. His entire body relaxed from the tension it had been wracked with all night. It didn’t last though, as the following second he was seized with white hot fury, blown far passed the point of rational. He felt his pupils dilate, he felt his scent take on a stormy quality, he felt the predator enter his limbs like a hot liquid rushing through his veins. His shoulders squared as he took in one deep breath, and it revealed only the smell of an anguished omega.

If Hannibal were a better man, or perhaps a better alpha, he would feel the overbearing need to *comfort,* to *protect,* to *soothe.*

He knew none of that was present in his demeanor as he turned and stalked slowly over to the table, Will’s eyes wide as he watched the man make his way to him, but Will did not dare try and run.

Will didn’t pull back as Hannibal reached out grasp his chin, forcing him to maintain the eye contact he usually took so carelessly.

”What is it that you want from me, Will?”

“Don’t walk away.” Will was not scared, that wasn’t what was shining behind his gaze.

“There is no need for discussion between us.” Hannibal denied.

Will stared back at him with outrage, not wanting to explain his actions, just *wanting,* what, Hannibal could not say.

”You really feel that way?”

Something about the fragile hold Hannibal had on his temper snapped, the controlled edge of his rage tipping over into something a little more feral. He knew it shone through in his grin

as he cupped the back the Will's neck, drawing him in closer and up to Hannibal's height. Will went limp and allowed himself to be dragged up into Hannibal's space, the alpha's hands clutching at his upper arm to hold him up.

"You want to know how I feel?" he heaved into the space that hardly existed between them as their noses skimmed. "Do you want to hear how I spent all night looking for you, only to eventually return to my quarters,"

Will's eyes darkened, leaning a little closer.

"How I spent the whole of the next day in a fog because I couldn't stop thinking of how your slick felt filling my mouth?" Hannibal let his eyes darken too, their lips brushing with every word he spoke.

"Hannibal," Will breathed against him.

"Or do you want to know how it felt when I passed by that alpha in the halls and smelled you on him, stronger than I smelled of you." He spit the words at him pulling back only to skim the angelic features of the omega being held up by him.

"Kiss me."

Will didn't seem to even hear the last words that left his mouth, he just tried to inch closer. His pupils blown wide, with his wispy lashes brushing blush kissed cheekbones as he gazed into Hannibal's amber eyes, the irises just a thin ring with the agitation and arousal the alpha felt. Still, Will did not appear scared.

"Kiss me." He asked once more.

"Selfish boy." Hannibal seethed as he moved in to capture Will in a kiss, his words almost lost to the noise Will made as their lips connected.

It was not a sweet kiss. Hannibal knew it must look as if he was ingesting Will, their face smashed together with the force of their kiss, Hannibal gripping the omega to him, his forearms flexing with the hold he had on Will. He growled into the movement of their lips as Will ran his tongue on a fang that had yet to emerge, but surely would.

Will, for his part, was the perfect picture of submission. He laid limp in Hannibal's rough embrace, moving his lips to keep up with Hannibal's furious movements.

Hannibal was no less angry, and the way they moved together was equal parts punishment and penance. Their tongues slid past each other as they tried to meld their forms to one another. Will let out a pleased little noise as Hannibal dropped his arm to push their hips together in an effort to force their bodies closer.

Hannibal felt nimble fingers squeeze in between them just long enough to undo the buttons that covered his chest. They didn't try and move further down his midsection to fully uncover him, as it would push them apart and Will seemed unwilling to move away from the hard

press to Hannibal's budding fang against his lip. Will did use the exposed skin to explore with his probing fingers, gliding through the hair that covered Hannibal's pectorals.

Hannibal tried not to smirk too pridefully against the omega's mouth as he smelled Will's arousal leak into the air in the enclosed room.

Hannibal spared a glance at the table, and found one area of sparsely covered with dishes or cutlery. He slowly dropped his hold of the needy omega so he would not stumble, Will moving his hands to hold Hannibal's face as he leant up to keep kissing the alpha. Hannibal held onto the thin wrists cupping his face so tenderly, unsure of when exactly Will had managed to turn their embrace so gentle, and reveled in the satisfied purr the omega was giving against their locked lips. He cleared the tabletop of anything in their way, swiping it all to the floor in a moment of uncharacteristic carelessness. Hannibal let one hand loosely grip the chocolate curls as he cupped one hand on the small of his back and lowered him to the table.

Hannibal let Will bring him in for another kiss as the omega dragged his body over him, highlighting all the ways Will was smaller than him. Will was no dainty omega, his body muscular and tight with power. He had shoulders broader than that which was typical of his gender, his waist cinched deliciously and giving way to his hips that curved with even more strong muscle as it curled around his pelvis. He was beautiful, to put it bluntly, even if he was not built the way an omega was typically.

Hannibal only stood at most an inch taller than Will, his shoulders broader than the omega's and his midsection built with the strong muscle as was typical of his gender, though he was not much bigger than the other man at all.

Still, it stroked something primal in him as the omega allowed Hannibal to drape his form over Will's body, swallowing up his frame.

Hannibal ignored the hands struggle to undo the buttons of his shirt with the way they were pressed and instead worked on Will's own buttons. Hannibal had the luxury of being able to shift his weight to either side as he did so, and he managed to push Will's shirt down his arms, but not entirely off with the way the were laid, before he moved on to undoing the snap of his jeans.

He pushed away Will's inquiring fingers and smiled against the bratty groan against his lips. He give Will another long kiss, that felt more he was fucking Will's soft mouth with his tongue before he broke away.

"Stay still." Hannibal ordered not sparing Will's expression a glance as he lowered himself to kiss down Will's chest.

Hannibal kissed along Will's strong core, stopping only to suck a pink nipple into his mouth. He greedily sucked that blushing nub into his mouth, swiping the tip of his tongue around the raised ridges. Will brought his hand up to cup the back of Hannibal's head, not pressing him closer just holding him as he moved on to slide his wet rough tongue down the dip of Will's core.

“Hannibal,” Will sighed.

It all felt so intimate, and Hannibal wished he could allowed himself to indulge in the sentimentality of it all, but thoughts of Will in a similar position for another alpha kept assaulting his senses.

As he moved further down, passed Will’s navel, finally undoing his jeans and forcing them down the table around Will’s spread legs he was settled between. Will’s aroused, debauched scent sprung forward perfuming the air until it was as if his face was pressed against Will’s damp cunt. Hannibal captured him in one more desperate kiss and he pushed the underwear away from his body, dragging his fingers through the slick leisurely.

Will reached once more to try and wrestle free the last few buttons on Hannibal’s shirt, but was stopped when by Hannibal gripping his wrist with an irritated growl pressed into his mouth.

”No.”

“*Hannibal,”* Will pleaded

“Stay still.” Hannibal pressed his middle finger into Will’s soaked opening. “Take what I give you or you’ll leave with nothing.” He said so stroking one velvety wall with barely there pressure as he retracted.

Will looked conflicted, unsure if he was irritated or turned on by Hannibal’s antics, but he didn’t remove himself from Hannibal’s grasp or move to take off more of Hannibal’s clothing.

Hannibal slid his index finger in along with the other as he pushed into Will’s tight passage, not yet loose or relaxed enough for two fingers but wet enough to allow him to slide in easy enough despite the tight grip of his pussy.

“ohh—“ Will have a soft jolt as Hannibal started to move in earnest.

Will settled against the table once more, his knees tossed carelessly over Hannibal’s shoulders as the alpha leaned to take his throbbing clit into his mouth, stroking his tongue across the pulsing nub and groaning as Will’s taste hit his tongue.

Will gave a half hearted cry as the vibrations moved along his body, arching up on the table and propping himself up by his elbows to watch as Hannibal pleasured him. His pupils were dilated, drowning out any color of his iris as he watched Hannibal lazily suck more of his slick into his mouth, eyes half shut with contentment.

Hannibal pushed his fingers in more roughly, curling his fingers to find that ridged path of inner wall that would have crying out. He did so easily, stroking his middle finger across it with teasing pressure, letting his fingers pull out of his body once more before he thrust in once more, at just the right angle, and lightly sucked on the pulsing clit in his mouth.

”Hannibal!” Will cried out, once again pressing his hips down in an effort to stay still. “Ahh —*fuck, it’s so good.”* He gasped gripping the edge of the wooden table beneath him.

He heard the stirrings of that sharp high pitched wail starting in Will’s chest, but the stubborn man bit his lips in an effort to choke it back.

They made eye contact, Will staring down at where Hannibal knelt between his legs, his hand slowing and his mouth easing off his clit.

”—n-no, *Hannibal,”* Will’s voice started off as a desperate whisper but it gave way to a pained groan.

“I want to hear you.” Hannibal was sure he looked as demented as the words sounded dripping with the venom of his frustrations.

Hannibal dipped down to swipe his tongue against the length of Will’s dripping pussy, curling his tongue around Will’s opening to drink in his juices with a greedy moan.

“*Yes, yes, more, please,”* Will begged still fighting the pressure working it’s way up his chest with every word.

Hannibal feasted on him with no regard for technique, just drinking in every drop of sugary arousal Will was producing before he forced himself to pull off. He urged Will onto his knees, standing behind him to hold his neck down to present as Hannibal’s fingers returned to his leaking hole. Hannibal draped himself over Will’s arched back once more, slightly off center so he could shove his fingers ruthlessly into Will’s tight body as the man cried out with every push.

“No one else will ever make you feel this way.” Hannibal kissed along his neck, not too close to where you would bite to mark, but close enough that his warm breath brushed against it, teasing the omega beneath him.

Will turned his head and tipped it back enough, leaning up. Hannibal let him lift himself and hold himself up by the knees so he was leaned back against Hannibal’s chest, letting the alpha hold him up by the throat, though Hannibal didn’t squeeze. The new angle had him sobbing as his body clenched down on the pounding digits and he was unable to prevent the orgasm that snuck up on him, his opening giving one throbbing jerk before he was soaking Hannibal’s hand.

Hannibal held him still as he licked the sweet slick from between his fingers, feeding Will moist kisses once the alpha has swallowed it down. Hannibal kissed along Will’s flushed cheekbones, taking one last minute to drink in his damp eyelashes, and kiss bitten lips as he panting out against the force of his orgasm, a gentle purr starting in his chest.

The sound was so alluring and comfortable, lulling him momentarily into a tender intimacy. Hannibal almost let himself fall into it, allowing Will to shower him in his satisfaction, but was jerked out of it rather violently.

It was easy enough to forget why he was so displeased with Will when he was crying out with pleasure beneath him, but now that he was satiated and his scent marked the air the details of it came crawling back from the depths of his mind.

Hannibal ran his clean hand through his hair, gently removing himself from Will as he did so.

Will looked back with a question in his eyes.

Hannibal smoothed his wrinkled clothes, adjusted the swollen cock in his jeans to try in vain to hide his erection, and shook himself off with a choked cough.

”Dinner was enjoyable, Mr. Graham. I hope I get to see you before my departure in the coming weeks.” He took one step back from the table before dropping Will’s eyes like the coward he was. “Excuse me.”

He walked woodenly to the door, and told himself he wasn’t running away even as the pain of his actions ripped at his chest.

Hannibal didn’t spare a glance at the stoic faces of the wait staff as he rushed out of the room.

Chapter End Notes

I didn’t mean for the chapter to get this long
Anyway I’ll post the new chapter 9/10/24

kudos or comment or don’t that’s up to you

I hope you enjoyed reading it anyway 💗

Auburn

Chapter Notes

AHHH sorry about the late chapter I really have no excuse

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal awoke the next morning feeling even more shattered emotionally than he had been previously.

His mind raged in two different directions. One prompting him to pack now, leave the antibiotics with Beverly, and call a taxi. The other, the one his body was responding to, had him rooted in place fiendishly replaying every gasping moan Will had gifted him the prior evening, one hand gripping his knot and the other sliding up and down his stiff cock.

The pain of Will's absence, the sharp stab of need he felt at the mere thought of the enchanting omega, it through his body, mind and soul, reducing his nerves and skin to ash and leaving only sensitive bloody sinew in its wake.

I need to leave, he groaned stroking upwards

Take him as your own the next time he offers himself to you, he panted jerking his closed hand down

Breed him, he gasped against the feel of his own hand

Kill the rival alpha, he tried desperately to derail this thought but it caught traction in his mind

Kill him and use his weak, subpar life to sustain your omega, his knot throbbed with the clenching pressure Hannibal gripped it with

Hannibal spilled over into his hand to the thought of spooning cuts of Anthony into Will's mouth, his abdomen swollen with new life.

It seemed there truly was only one path forward.

Hannibal cleaned himself up, showering before setting out for the library. He needed something to clear his mind, a medical text he could enrich himself with, old myths and legends to lose himself in, *philosophy* even, if only then to be perplexed about something other than that confounding omega.

It was early still, the morning light still creeping up from the horizon. He would have a few hours to himself before he was required to attend to Beverly, though she arguably no longer

needed to be under the direct supervision of a doctor any longer.

Hannibal settled down in a velvet sofa with a book, hardly able to grasp the subject matter as his mind wandered. He had hardly managed to ground it, narrowing his focus on the words on the page and trying to forget his surroundings for a moment. He found himself lost in the fable he was reading when his hard won peace was disturbed, the creaky doors opening with the new visitors arrival.

Bedelia floated through the space, hardly acknowledging him even as her path took her to the stack of books directly behind the high back of the couch he rested on. Her cool refreshing scent bit at his nostrils, the flowery perfume of her scent marred and smelling rather bleach like to him as she moved through the space.

Hannibal didn't have it in him to summon annoyance at his alpha's rejection of her presence.

He tried to clamp down on the sour notes invading his scent, the displeased edge of his emotions bleeding into the air around him.

Bedelia drifted to the shelf adjacent to him, easily visible from his vantage point on the couch. She sorted through titles as she pondered what to read.

She was dressed in a tight skirt today, which tastefully ended just under her knee to give the allusion of modesty even as it cling to her form like a double lined second skin. Her blouse was silk, and hung tantalizing from her shoulders and fitted tightly around her waist, the neckline dipping to expose some of her cleavage. She looked put together and elegant, as she had the last time Hannibal had seen her, and he kicked himself for losing the ability to appreciate her immaculate form.

It was hard to find energy to care as his mind played scenes of last night on a loop. Will with his knees pried open and a flush painting his gasping face, Will folded up underneath Hannibal's larger body, the way he had kissed Hannibal softly even as Hannibal devoured every inch of his petal soft lips.

Will was truly beyond compare, and as appealing as Bedelia appeared to be, it truly didn't matter, not when his primal instinctual mind had imprinted so entirely on Will. It wasn't an infatuation he could reason himself out of, addicted to the warm feeling that rushed throughout his body, the anxiety tight in his chest finally relaxing and granting him sweet relief only when their eyes would meet.

For better or for worse, this was the omega that had burrowed himself deep below Hannibal's skin, the irritable omega nesting under the many layers of skin, muscles and blood, his impression on Hannibal's very soul.

If it meant Hannibal had to abide by restrictive societal rules like refraining from murder, he would have to *try,* no matter the unfulfilled ache in his bones. He *could* change for Will, he *wanted* to if it meant he got to keep the beautiful man for the rest of their lives.

After he killed Anthony.

One last time, it would have to be quiet and it would lack the precision and planning of his previous kills, but if it meant he never had to scent Will on the man again, it would be worth forsaking his usual flair.He only mourned that if this really was to be his last kill that he could not do himself the justice of doing it with the dramatic artistry he had grown accustomed to.

He thought of Will's breathy exclamation of his name as he pressed himself into the hard wood of the table.

It would certainly be worth it, in the end.

Bedelia floated in front of his vision.

"I heard you'll be leaving soon." She murmured drifting closer into his space.

Hannibal looked up at her, intent on studying her beautiful form but found himself unable locate his prior feelings of desire.

"Beverly is nearly recovered." He nodded.

She gave him a small smile before gesturing to the open seat on the couch next to him. The loveseat on his left sat ignored.

Hannnibal made room for her on the couch. As she sat, her thigh was crammed next to his and it sent a chill through him. He found himself pressing away, and lacking a subtle way to move any further from the cold pressure he stood quite suddenly, irate with the clumsy manner that was not in his usual character.

"I should excuse myself." He sounded odd even to himself as he quickly reshelved the book and rushed out of the room, feeling Bedelia's amused stare on his back the entire way out of the room.

Hannibal got only a short distance before he encountered Will in the hall, walking to the library presumably. Will cocked another amused glance up and down his no doubt flustered face, before his expression closed and he tried to move passed.

Hannibal didn't mean to reach out and grab for him, but something in the primal urged him to shoot hand out and catch his wrist. Will didn't look surprised at all, nor did he fight against Hannibal pushing him up against the wall by his shoulders, unflinchingly holding his gaze even as Hannibal's pupils dilated. Hannibal pushed into his space, scenting him out in the open where anyone could find them. Will smelled a little of Anthony, not much more than Hannibal probably did of Bedelia, but still he let out a frustrated growl. Will laughed as he carted his hands through Hannibal's hair, stroking the alpha as he chased all threads of Anthony's scent with angry huffs.

"You really are all I think of." Hannibal admitted when he did finally ease away. "I find the time approaching for me to part with you, and it pains me more than I expected."

"And you expect me to ask you to stay?" Will asked with an amused brow arched.

Hannibal felt the hurt and love rake through his chest at once for this cruel boy.

“I will respect any decision you make.”

“And yet.” Will shot another amused glance toward the hands holding him to the wall, not allowing him to move from where Hannibal wanted him. “If I choose him?”

“You are free to do so.” Hannibal found his voice far too calm for either of them not to feel the threat laced into the words.

“You just want me all to yourself don’t you, you selfish bastard.” It wasn’t a question. Hannibal didn’t deny it.

Will easily slipped out of Hannibal’s grasp, the alpha having weakened it at some point.

“I really don’t think I will be able to stop myself.” Hannibal made one more ill advised admittance.

”I’ve yet to see that you’re actually capable of such a thing, Dr. Lecter.” Will gave him one more amused twitch of his lips before he shoulder checked his way passed, entering the library.

Hannibal felt the challenge in his words.

A cold fury settled over him, at the thought that Will hardly knew him, that Anthony seemed more capable a predator than Hannibal in the omega’s eyes, it unglued him. He was far passed any rational thought of trying to conceal his crime, he knew if he proceeded it would be in the open, with knowledge that Will would be party to the crime. He was unsure if he felt his fear of Will’s deceiving him or the pleasure of potentially being seen more.

The fear of the unknown, something he had never struggled with, it pinched his nerves as he turned every option over in his mind. He stood by the window for hours, still not decided if he would act on Will’s goad.

Anthony did appear, strolling from the darkened path onto the brick pathway that led to the gardens.

Hannibal was shoving his shoes on before he even really registered his own actions, his mind screaming to eliminate the competition in front of him.

As he descended the back stairwell he heard the door to the yard shut ahead of him, pushing him to follow faster, as if he could catch up to Will and prevent their meeting. He was unable to catch up to them but followed blindly into the maze of shrubs and flowers with no thought as to how he might find his was out once more. His usually sharp mind clouded over with the need to stake his claim on Will, and to ensure that no one else touch him.

He followed the footfalls crunching in the pebbled walkway, somehow unable to catch up to the them, hearing them further ahead with every round of a corner.

The red started to paint the edges of his vision, the sweat beading and pooling on his brow as he marched forward, and it was then he realized.

He was on the edge of a rut.

Really, it should not take him by surprise, with his repeated exposure to Will's arousal, his alpha obviously found him a more than suitable mate. Will was strong willed, healthy, and beautiful, and he would bare Hannibal children of the highest caliber. Hannibal was only surprised that the symptoms of his rut were so far along without his prior notice.

Far enough that even his carefully held self restraint was failing him, just the thought of Will in the space of another had him shaking with barely contained fury and propelling him forward.

He was able to stop himself, observe the scene he had just happened upon, grateful he had seen the flash of blonde before he lunged into the clearing.

It was Bedelia, her satin top being worked off of her shoulders as the Anthony mouthed along her mating gland, her head leaned back against the statue behind her with her eyes shut against the sensation.

The information may ring more useful at a later date. For now, the private scene only drove him away, his primal alpha brain recognizing in the heat of his rut that this was not the omega he was searching for, and thus saw no reason to start a dispute with the other alpha.

His frustrated stink was strong enough that he was able to find his way back to the house with little trouble despite his heavy bodied stumbling.

As Hannibal stepped into his room he was met with a wall, the aroma of sweet bourbon and satisfaction marking his pillows and curtains.

His cock was straining in his pants even as he shove the needle of the rut suppressant into his leg. It was still wedged into his taut thigh as he held one cool pillow to his face and came into his hand.

Chapter End Notes

Well honey, you missed auburn big time.

I'm working on ANOTHER Hannibal/Will story that hasn't been posted but look out for that ig😔 these two old ass fictional men have me by the throat.

Anyway next chapter will be up on the 15th

Folly

Chapter Notes

sorry, sorry!!! I know.

I have just been very overworked and very sleep deprived so I have not been writing a lot. I have 1//4 of a chapter for Ritualistic, like three paragraphs of a chapter for Control, its been a mess.
Hopefully we will be back on schedule this week, and I hope you enjoy the chapter!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal was unable to sleep, and looked out onto the misty blue lit morning touching the rivers edge.

His rut was thankfully postponed, the suppressant temporarily holding his animalistic urges to tear through Will's body at bay. He knew he would only have about a day to make the necessary arrangements before he would have to go back into the run down town to stay at one of the few motels that marked the road along the Main Street. He found the idea unappealing, but unwilling to allow himself to stay in this mansion under such vulnerable circumstances.

There were too many questions he had let fall to the wayside, the fires of his curious nature doused and smothered by the thick scent of Will.

Who was Mason?

What kind of community had he stumbled upon?

Was Will truly petty enough to seduce a rival alpha simply to goad them into killing his cheating lover?

Among the many more pressing concerns, he could focus on nothing but the last thought. Hannibal, who had always prided himself on his superior intelligence and ability to remain ahead of circumstance found himself suddenly adrift in the many moving parts of the mystery that lay ahead of him. He wished he could think further than somehow convincing Will to ask him to stay.

Time seemed to be ripping them apart regardless, with every second that passed as he walked along the embankment.

So lost in thought, as was becoming a startling habit of his along this estate, he nearly passed two figures walking the opposite direction without even noticing.

“Hannibal!” Mrs. Graham exclaimed removing her arm from her companions. “How unexpected.”

She was smiling cheerily and seemed to not notice his rather disheveled appearance. Her companion, however, did not grant him the same courtesy, but she, at least, did look away to grant him privacy in this embarrassing moment.

Hannibal knew he was hardly as put together as he might usually be, the heat of the rut and the agitation and dissatisfaction that came with it must be painted on his every feature.

“The weather is too cold for me this morning,” Mrs. Graham continued . “But dear Margot was hoping to continue her stroll. Would it be too much trouble for you to accompany her?”

Hannibal might feel as if Mrs. Graham had a grudge against the fellow omega, hoisting an alpha so clearly in the edge of his rut on to her company, but the mating mark place above her high collar told him it mattered little.

Margot didn’t look happy by this suggestion but did reach to take his arm with an accommodating smile in place. Mrs.Graham excused herself, and after a few making moments of frozen silence they were alone.

Margot’s mated scent was somewhat calming, his mind and instincts not pressing the urge to mate, and he felt some of the haze clearing.

”Perhaps I should escort you back to the mansion?” Hannibal suggested.

Margot shook her head, slapping a more genuine looking smile on her lips.

”No, I think I could do with a stroll, Doctor, if you would be kind enough to accompany me.”

It did not seem as if this was actually the case, but certainly it was meant to be received that way, so Hannibal nodded and turned toward the path leading around the rivers edge.

”I heard that you had dinner with the Grahams.” Margot piped up after some silence. “Elisabeth seems very taken with you.”

This had Hannibal internally preening, though he only gave a hint of it in the smile tugging his lips.

”I hardly ever find myself feeling outclassed by my company.” Hannibal praised hoping some of his words may travel back to Mrs. Graham, earning more of her favor.

He would need to appear to be good enough to take Will’s hand after Anthony is found drowned in his own blood.He will need to appear too refined, too respectable to be considered capable of the savagery he was planning for the rival alpha. Will’s long passed words, the first he’d ever heard the sweet omega utter,

“He certainly is an alpha. Not a particularly tough one…” The unimpressed tone of his voice like a poker to the alpha’s ego.

He would have to present as just that if he was going to get away with it. It stung and ached to move with such little regard for his own pride, but Will forced Hannibal humble himself, as always. If Hannibal did not know it would surely be his own destruction he might consider killing them together, Anthony and Will, for the slight of causing him so much heartache. The thought of killing Will, seeing his animated green irises blank and unfocused with lack of life, it did not appeal to him outside of the revenge, and so he could not act on it. The very notion of living in a world knowing Will was not in it, breathing his caramel and clove scent into the air, sitting on priceless antique furniture in flannel and cheap denim, his shrewd unimpressed gaze fixed on this or that, it clenched down hard on the nerves of his chest.

No, Will would survive this, and he would have to find a way to sustain himself on the thought that if nothing else, it would be Hannibal's last gift to him.

He took a moment to hope it would be as well received as the sobbing orgasms Will was given by Hannibal's tongue.

And another moment, to mourn the loss of Will's taste.

"Elisabeth spoke of your medical practice in the city." She laid a cold and shrewd gaze upon him. "What kind of psychiatrist performs gender reassignment care?"

"A psychiatrist that used to practice medicine." He shrugged with an amused smile. Margot's behavior was not technically polite, though it was not rude, it had an assertive edge that appealed to him much the way Will's did.

"It was so easy to walk away from your practice and come here?" She gestured to the deserted wood around them.

Hannibal studied her for a minute as they walked further into the forest. She seemed curious, though it was obvious she didn't buy that his reasoning could be so simple as a call to help the unfortunate.

"We're paying you handsomely." She added when he did not speak up. "Mrs. Graham said you were a prominent member of Baltimore society, and yet…"

It was one of the more active social seasons, so she was not without a point.

"The money is of no importance." He shrugged.

Her cold blue gaze raked up his form, no doubt calculating the price of his leather shoes, designer suit, and the heavy watch on his wrist.

"I don't doubt that." She nodded with an amused smile that didn't completely reach her inquisitive eyes. "I'm glad you were able to make the journey with little issue." She looked back into the path. "I heard weather delayed your trip a few weeks."

"Yes, it was fortunate Doctor Gideon was able to return home with little issue." Indeed, the typhoon of violent rain and winds that had encompassed their little corner of the state had prevented any travel for almost two full weeks by the time Hannibal had received Elizabeth's

invitation. It was nothing short of miraculous that Beverly had survived long enough for him to treat her at all.

“Fortunate, indeed.” She sighed. “I heard the river swelled up, not here, but a few miles up the road.” She gestured vaguely up ahead. “More than a few people got swept away.”

”Natural disasters are indiscriminate in their devastation.”

“I’m not sure this one was.” She said it almost under her breath. “There was a home aid, before you got here, a nasty piece of work. Mrs. Graham could not stand him, and he was discharged the same week Gideon was.”

“The river swallowed him up?”

“Something like that, Doctor.” She shrugged.

”Does that happen often around here?” He asked glancing towards the stormy skies.

”Mmm,” She hummed her confirmation with a nod, “You may end up staying through the week if this persists.”

”If you would be so kind as to not turn me out.” He joked with a dry smile.

”I dare say they turned themselves out.” She laughed as they wheeled back in the direction of the house.

“How did he accomplish that?” Hannibal didn’t laugh with her but his smile deepened a shade.

”Perhaps it may be of some use to you.” She reasoned after some hesitation. “I heard that the Graham’s didn’t appreciate his fixation Will.”

It was the first acknowledgment of whatever was building between him and Will outside of their streamy, sordid bubble.

“You think—“

”That they are… selective with who is allowed around their son?” Margot had a brow raised as she studied him.

”But this aid, he slipped through the cracks.”

”Matthew knew him from school.” Margot shrugged. “He didn’t realize the guy was a total freak.” She sighed again as if it was regretful for her as well.

The next few minutes were spent in thoughtful silence, Hannibal ingesting the information given. He knew Margot meant to imply this aid’s death was no accident, and the thought of the limp threat that laid between them amused him somewhat. It irked him to be put in the same category as the other subpar alpha that had set their sights on Will. It made sense to him logically, that whoever it was, had not been good enough to claim Will as theirs.

Hannibal knew, if nothing else, that he was a peak alpha specimen. No matter how well mannered the outer layer of his person suit was to his peers, he was a predator without compare. He was apt in psychological manipulation, cheating the legal system, and exploiting the weaknesses of others.

“Was he here to treat Beverly?” Hannibal stopped to quirk a brow as their eyes made contact. “Or Mason?”

“Who is he?” Hannibal asked.

He saw her posture relax at the shoulders, like air deflating from her stress.

“Mason is of no concern.”

“I would argue a man being kept against his will, it may not be of any concern to me, but I’m sure it may be to the authorities.” Hannibal smiled in earnest this time.

”Funny, then, that it is not the police asking but you.” She was unshaken by his implied threat, and it made Hannibal respect her just a little more. “You obviously have not seen him, so there is no way to know just how willing his residency here is.”

”I suppose that is true enough.” Though they both knew that neither of them was being truthful.

Hannibal allowed the silence to stretch between them once more, and they did not speak as they entered the home. They parted at the staircase, Margot watching as Hannibal moved passed her to continue on the stairs to his own floor.

“I do hope you stay out of the storm, doctor.” She told his retreating back.

It felt like a stamp of approval as much as a warning.

When he returned to his room. On the desk was one more rut suppressant shot, laid out for him instead of in his medical bag. The smell of sweet caramel, the arousal soaked scent staining the air leaning sweeter than it might usually. *Sweet William.* His cock was already filling, the phantom taste of the omega lingering in his mouth.

Hannibal didn’t even bother kicking his shoes off as he dove into the bed, so desperate to take lungfuls of Will in as he shoved his pants to his knees. The blanket’s were no longer made, Will’s body having writhed away the tight tuck of the sheets. It meant that as he shoved his slacks that felt too tight, and his obtrusive leather belt down, unable to pry himself from the slick soaked sheets, except for when his hand touched cool silicone.

His head jerked up, as he grasped for the object, seeing the toy left behind for him. If the slight dampness of both the sheets and the object were to be believed, Will had not been long departed from the room at all.

Hannibal held the base of the long silicone even as he shoved his face into the wet spot on the bed, huffing in sweet breaths as he dryly handled his erection. It was less for pleasure, and more to uncage some of the frustration building in his body. He could feel the sticky, watery

slick left still on the toy and his knot pulsed as he slid curious fingers over it. He imagined how beautiful Will must look spread out and stuffing himself full, face down in Hannibal's mattress as he took in Hannibal's scent and imagined it was the alpha fucking him instead.

He hardly remembered deciding to tilt his head, sweeping up the cool slick left on the toy into his mouth, only the pleasure he felt as he tongued around the ridge of the toy that had collected a generous smear of Will. He curved his tongue around the length of it, licking for his hand at the base, drinking in every drop of Will's arousal as he went. He forgot himself in the pleasure of it, letting his mouth close over the head to greedily lick up any last remnants and inching the silicone down his throat to chase the last drops of Will and came into his own hand with a muffled moan, for the head was still wedged into his throat.

It had been depraved, desperate, but he felt no shame, not when he was able to administer the shot without struggle, the returning flames of his pre rut doused by the omega's sweet taste.

He showered and went to go check on Beverly, planning to update her treatment ledger one last time before he proclaimed her healed. He stopped at the top of the stairs, and couldn't help but stare at the sight before him. His face drew taut in displeasure and then relaxed into cool disinterest, but he knew his scent had soured as he watched Anthony's lips move against Will's, standing in the mouth of the western wing.

Two curly brunette heads pressed together as they devoured each other's mouths, Will gripping just as tightly to Anthony as the alpha was to him.

Disgust and despair rushed through him at once, and though the urge to rip Anthony's head from his shoulders and toss it down the marble staircase was strong, he ignored it.

Will's head snapped up when the tendrils of Hannibal's displeasure reached him, and it shook him enough to part from Anthony's loving embrace.

"Doctor Lecter!" He heard Will call after him.

That, that was the final straw. It was Will using his title so formally, as if they knew nothing at all of each other intimately, that was what made him stop dead. He shook off the dread and began moving in faster, longer strides to reach his room and lock himself in.

He hardly had the door latched before his hands were already shoving clothes and books into his bag. He withdrew a few low grade pain medications, and a back up round of antibiotics and placed them on the desk. He moved to scribble down instructions for how to use them if the need arose. He was not fully present in mind, as he was still thinking of the grisly nature of Anthony's death, which was now assured, and his subsequent departure from the estate, blood rushing passed his ears in a violent swirl and drowning out the sounds of Will's finagling of the lock.

Hannibal froze in his actions, his pen leaving one day inky blob instead of a period as Will took in the room.

His toy was still laid on the pillows, the sheets even more destroyed than he had left them, leaving no doubt as to Hannibal's reaction to finding traces of Will in his space. Hannibal's

portion of dinner sat untouched for Hannibal's rut, one roll and one slice of ham. Hannibal could feel it like cold water on his back as Will's eyes slid over the stuffed suitcase laid open on the askew sheets.

Perhaps it was the desperate, cloying whine that started inaudible in Will's throat but grew sharp and sad toward the end that he felt like an icy shower.

If Hannibal were a better man, or a better alpha, perhaps it would call him to soothe the distressed omega, but as Hannibal turned to confront him, only to find the omega running, he could produce only one thought.

Chase.

Chapter End Notes

Jesus, Hannibal, you need to get it together.
That's some real whore shit.

Anyway hoping I have a chapter by 9/22, but definitely at least by 9/26.
Thanks for being patient with the updates!

Scarlet

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The trail Will left as he turned the winding corners of the corridors, down the another staircase on the other side of the house, only to turn down more halls in a seemingly senseless dash, it only served to add to the white hot fury boiling in Hannibal's veins. He did not struggle following the devastation that marked the path the the omega took as he ran, Hannibal only walked with a too calm demeanor forward, careful to breathe in every wisp of Will's scent as he moved.

He found himself following the destruction, thin hallway tables overturned in the hall, flowers splayed on the plush carpeting. Hannibal may have thought it was nothing more than the overwhelming emotions manifesting in something irritating and juvenile, like a fit, but Hannibal knew this smart boy better. This was a trail, something for Hannibal to follow even after Will's alluring scent faded from the walls of the hall.

It led him to a door tucked into another barren and dark hall. The door was not open, and Hannibal heard the dull smacking sound of flesh hitting flesh, and almost felt compelled to step in to prevent what he thought might be Will mating with another, but stopped just as his hand curled around the cool gold doorknob.

"Fuck!" ***Smash.*** "Fuck!" ***Smash. "****Fuck!"*

The sound of the impact didn't come, and instead a pained gurgling. The sounds of impact from before now sounded less lewd, and sounded like something far more violent, almost like Will was beating whoever was with him on the other side of the door.

He heard Will's victim be released, the deep, desperate gasps of air they sucked in. Will must have turned on them once more, as they started to plead in a rushed mumbled sort of way.

"No! No—*Nghhh!"* There was some shuffling, a struggle, and Hannibal became too curious to merely observe, his tense rage just under the surface.

The door swung open to reveal Will,so beautiful with his cheeks blush kissed, and an eerily familiar calm demeanor as he held down the neck of the thing in his arms. His green eyes met Hannibal's as the alpha stood frozen in the door for a moment, taking in the sight.

This man, for that must be what he was, was malformed, and hideous. His greasy unkempt blond hair stuck out wildly, a pair of thin wire glasses clung to the cut off slope of his nose. There was no tip where there ought to be, instead melting into sinewy pale scars that stretched over the lower half of the man's face. Whoever this was, had had many skin grafts, that was apparent by the extra skin that had melded overtop the scaring, tapering off at the bow of his lip not unlike a turtle. His cold blue eyes, crystalline in their beauty, and bulging from his ruined skin as Will squeezed his breath out of him. Those eyes reminded him of someone.

Hannibal knew he looked every bit the predator he was as he stalked forward into the room, shutting the door softly behind him, and moved towards where Will sat by the bedside.

Will watched him in silence, not a single emotion on his angelic face as he relinquished his hold on the flailing thing. It took more desperate gasps in, turning its panicked gaze upon Hannibal.

“Please—!” He gasped with much trouble. “Please help m—“

”Shut up.” Will snapped stuffing a folded rag in the gaping mouth.

Hannibal was so disgusted by the grotesque sight of the beast that he physically recoiled.

“Mason, I presume.”

Will nodded.

Hannibal came over to study the unfortunate thing, the pale arched eyebrows that looked so like someone he knew.

”Margot is allowing you to keep her kin as a prisoner?”

“She is.”

He took one more moment, basking in the fury building underneath his skin, hot and red as he tried to think clearly through his next course of action.

The smell of Will’s distress, the rejection his alpha felt seeing his desired mate in the arms of another, and the helpless caged in feeling that kept him prisoner, bound against his will not unlike the sad blond haired man in front of him.

Hannibal reached forward, slowly, as Will almost moved to stop him but refrained when it appeared Hannibal was not moving to harm the man. Hannibal looked over the bumps and ridges of the scars. They were uneven in depth, but the edge of the cut was smooth, like it had been cut and peeled with a knife. The sad things eyes were bloodshot, tears leaking from the corners. It had no nose, but it did still excrete snot, a thin line of moisture just under his nostril, all signs of a bitter fight for oxygen, even the little bit of dribble slipping from his gasping, lipless mouth.

Hannibal saw his eyes register the moment Hannibal’s firm, clinical, hand on his face became an inescapable hold. Hannibal’s fingers tightening on dirty blond locks, and he tuned out Will’s cry of outrage, and the hands trying to pry his fingers off the squirming blond man.

”Hannibal! Stop!” Will argued.

But Hannibal’s free hand was already crushing Mason’s windpipe. He heard a pleasing crunch, the bones giving way under his unforgiving pressure. Mason tried fruitlessly to jerk himself out of Hannibal’s grasp but was too weak to manage it. The simmering rage that boiled his blood rushed passed his ears, staining the skin there an angry red and he pressed harder, ignoring Will’s hands trying to disconnect him from his prisoner.

Will was now pressed against Hannibal's back trying to pry him by the wrist away from the grasp he had on Mason, whispering pleas that did not reach Hannibal.

Hannibal was too focused on unleashing his rage on this pathetic creature in front of him, unwilling to turn it on Will, and so he focused on the gag. It hung out of Masons mouth, balled up and slightly wet and Mason tried to gasp in air around it.

"*I'll let you kill him."* Will whispered it like promise against the shell of his ear. "Let go, Hannibal."

"You mean that you *want* me to kill him." Hannibal ground out. He did let go of Mason's nearly limp form. "Such a *selfish* thing you are." Hannibal spun so they were face each other, nose to nose because of how closely Will had moved to try and prevent Hannibal from killing Mason.

Neither of them were speaking of Mason, though, and the defensive look in Will's eyes told him as much.

"I can't make you do anything." Will reminded him.

Hannibal huffed out a bitter laugh, drawing Will in closer with the hands he had rested on the small of his back. He slid on broad palm up the column of spine, his fingertips dipping with enough pressure to feel the knobs of each vertebrae. The other only moved down fractionally, pushing Will's hips toward the warm heat of Hannibal's body. Hannibal could practically taste the arousal in the air, not all of it his own.

"Can't you?" He sighed into where his nose skimmed across Will's sharp stubble covered cheek. "I did not feel the need to kill him before. I did not care before to ensure that he never spend another day amongst the living."

"Then don't do it." Will tried to move away, but the attempt was weak and halfhearted.

Hannibal gave a chuckle that held no mirth and it froze Will in his performative actions.

"He will die. There is nothing that can be done about that." Hannibal let his nose move to skim across the hard, crooked bone of Will's nose, holding the omega's gaze as he did so. "Is that what you craved? Someone so enamored by you that they murder your intended mate in a jealous rage?"

Will made a little noise of protest, his head moving to shake but stopping himself to stay connected to Hannibal, even if just by the few centimeters of skin, their gazes burning a hole in each other.

"What a delightful surprise you have turned out to be, Will." He sighed.

His eyes were even more beautiful as they pressed together, their lips not touching but close enough to breathe each other in.

"Are you sure this is what you want?" Hannibal whispered into him.

Will didn't answer immediately. He took one long shuddering breath in, sucking down Hannibal's scent , the cute point of his nose brushing across Hannibal's cheek. Hannibal enjoyed the feeling of trading warmth between the thin lines of contact, inhaling the sweet air Will exhaled, light headed with the tenderness he felt.

Will let a small intimate smile tug at his lips, one boyish dimple denting his cheek.

"I have yet to see that you are capable of such of thing, Doctor Lecter." Will said pulling away.

Ah, this manipulative thing,

Hannibal could practically feel his pupil dilate to leave only a red ring hugging the blown out black. Will was truly something magnificent, the perfect visage of an angel with his gentle brown curls and his soft stubbled cheeks. His green gaze tinged just so with the gold of an omega, the only sign that he felt *this,* the mounting tension under Hannibal's skin, that he had any clue of just how strongly Hannibal wanted him.

If Will's appearance made him an angel, then his actions made him a god. Hannibal had never once been bent so easily to another, not even his beloved sister. She had been the only other person he had wanted the approval of so badly he had tried to dampen his murderous urges to gain it. Her kind soft hearted nature that had always inspired him to choose peace, instead of bloodshed, his attraction to violence startling in a boy so young. But he could not bare to be seen as a monster in her eyes, and she had died an angel untainted by darkness.

Will, it seemed, lived as a god.

He shuddered in Hannibal's heavy alpha scent with barely concealed want, but held himself back, just shy of taking what he desired as his tribute had yet to be paid.

It was cruel and it was divine.

Hannibal allowed Will to move back out of their shared space. He reached to the hand that lay limp at Will's side, and brought it to his lips, kissing along the edge of each knuckle.

"Everything comes with a price." Hannibal knew it sounded like he had fully wound himself around Will's finger, and perhaps he had, but he knew enough of Will to know that complete subservience was not the worship he craved.

Will realized his intentions too late to stop him. It was an act born of helpless desire to regain some control, Hannibal at least could admit that. He was willing to kill Anthony, willing even to do it at Will's request, and he bore no ill feeling toward Will's manner of achieving it. He would be Will's soon enough, an eager and devout worshipper at his altar, and his boy would reach down to shape his reality as he saw fit.

But Will was not *his,* and was saying he would not be yet, and Hannibal was a vengeful deity in his own right.

It was artless and savage, the way he ripped Mason's flailing form from the bed, having barely regained his consciousness from the previous two attacks, and tried uselessly to push Hannibal away, mashing at his face with his sweaty palms. Mason was unable to get away, wrapped in the thin blanket and sheet of his bed and trying to fend off Hannibal's attack, the sight of it pathetic. The enraged rush of Hannibal's blood mixed with the heavy shake of adrenaline pounded through his veins.

Hannibal took Masons head by each side and he *twisted,* until he heard the choked scream turn to a gurgle,

and *twisted,* until the bones crunched and his eyes drained of essence,

and *twisted,* until Mason's deformed, mangled chin rested over his shoulder, his face curled in agony and fully visible from where Hannibal leaned over him.

Chapter End Notes

i thought there was going to be porn :(
It felt natural to end the chapter here though so I am going to edit and post it today, (9/20) and I am going to try to post the next chapter by 9/22-9/26.

Coquelicot

Chapter Notes

It’s always a pleasure finding ways to murder Mason in my writing

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will, for all his protest, did not look unhappy at the sight of Mason’s broken crumpled body. He surveyed the body with a level of cool indifference, and then flicked his gaze up to Hannibal to fix a similar stare upon him as well. His lips tugged into a reluctant smile once more, his little white canines exposed. They extended down into a point, just sharp enough to rip into flesh, for protection, but also for mating. They could be extended because Will felt the need to protect himself from the obviously volatile alpha, but his posture was relaxed as huffed out a surprised laugh.

”I’m sure.” Will said it as if he was surprised himself.

Hannibal could feel the suppressant burning away in his veins with the rush of adrenaline pushing his body back into a more mind numbing, violent rut than he might have had previously. He could feel it already starting to cloud the edges of his vision as he stepped over the corpse as if it was nothing more than any other ill placed object.

Will didn’t look scared as Hannibal approached him, his scent thickening with desire as the alpha prowled toward him. Will grasped at where Hannibal’s shirt clung to his bicep and tugged him closer. Hannibal was pleased in a shamefully insecure way to see that Will desired him beyond the sexual satisfaction he garnered from their encounters. Will didn’t try to hide the way he curiously ate up the few inches of chest exposed by the buttons that had sprung loose during the assault on Mason.

”You’re strong.” Will purred nudging him with his nose at his pulse point, scenting Hannibal.

It stroked Hannibal’s ego, his rut filled primal brain eating the praise up, his body taut with want for the enchanting creature before him.

“*...not a particularly strong one…”*

But then it was supposed to, wasn’t it?

Hannibal grinned as he managed to weave a leg between Will’s, one hand gripping his shirt just as Will made to dash for the door. Hannibal didn’t bother being gentle as he slammed Will into the wood floor below.It knocked the wind out of Will audibly, the slam his body making into the floor punctuated by the sharp exhalation of air from his lungs.

Will have a pained chuckle around his own breathlessness. He drew Hannibal down so he could press his lips against his lips, still drawn tight in a smile that was more of a grimace. It wasn't quite a kiss, but it settled Hannibal enough to stop the growl building in his chest.

"Not here." Will said when he finally gained the air to do so. Will leaned up to kiss him again, his time cradling Hannibal's face gently. "There's a room across the hall." He kissed the words against Hannibal's lips.

Hannibal nodded and this kiss became more earnest Will pressing his lips into his. Hannibal didn't feel like disconnecting their mouths, too addicted to the the soft plush feel of Will as he kissed him so he picked him up from the ground.

Will made a noise of surprise when Hannibal showed no sign of struggle as he arranged Will in his arms to carry him toward the bedroom. Hannibal couldn't help the proud smirk that he kissed into the other man's mouth as he swung the door open to step into the cool hallway. After manhandling the dead weight of men much bigger than Will, his weight was truly no issue, and that seemed to light a fire in the omega as he pressed closer and moaned into dirty slide of Hannibal's tongue. Will's hand crept up the back of Hannibal's neck to lock into his hair as he moved to meld himself into the other man trying greedily to take in as much of the alpha as he was able.

It didn't seem Will registered their arrival into the deserted room until he was thrust down upon the sheets of the bed. He looked beautiful against the deep plum of the bedding, his green eyes tinged gold with desire, and his lips painted a darker shade with their kiss.

Will yanked him down by the sides of his pressed shirt, effectively untucking it and leaving it loose and hanging off his body as he worked the buttons off. Will seemed satisfied when he got to the third button from the top and instead of stopping his hands, Hannibal only kissed him harder.

Hannibal had pleasured him over and over, drinking Will in like a starving man and had not offered Will any of the same satisfaction.

It left him purring through the haze of the returning rut. Will unclothed him, stroking curious hands along the tight muscles of Hannibal's abdomen.

"Off." Will tugged at the buckle of his pants, uninterested in wrestling with the complicated buckle.

Hannibal was so out of his mind with the want of this man before him, and a tinge of the feral, instinctual urge to *claim,* he hardly needed to be told twice. Will laid pliant, and pleased, as Hannibal ripped his tshirt over his head and his jeans down his legs. Will only moved to glide his hands down the expanse of Hannibal's skin, taking turns sliding his fingertips through Hannibal's chest hair and drifting down to ignore the thick erection hanging between them but moving instead to grip the thick thigh muscles of the man on top of him in appreciation.

Will swore under his breath as his eyes drank in every inch of Hannibal's skin available to him from this angle.

It was Hannibal's first time seeing him fully naked as well, basking in the smooth pale skin before him. Will had more strength in his body than Hannibal had anticipated, but he was leaner and more sculpted than Hannibal's own body. The dip of his core, the curve of muscle around his biceps and down his straining forearms as he gripped the alpha to him. His dark ringlets shifted as Hannibal ran his fingers through the soft locks, gripping the omega to him. He was so beautiful every time they parted to inspect a new part of the others body or moved to kiss, or grind together Hannibal couldn't help but admire him.

Soon the heated kissed became more inflammatory than soothing for him and Hannibal found himself kissing down Will's body once more.

He had craved it since the dinner they had spent together, taking his dessert in a much more desirable form than chocolate cake. Will's cock swelled against the restraining hand Hannibal had placed on it, throbbing as Hannibal's slick mouth slide down his chest, taking time to lath his tongue around a pert nipple, moaning against the soft skin as he suckled.

"Hannibal," Will sighed as he had so many times, but this time in relief as he knew for certain that Hannibal would grant him the satisfaction of his knot soon enough.

He didn't rush Hannibal as he moved down his body, licking into the firm valley of his stomach. Will laid still, his pleased, aroused, smell kissing the air as he shuddered another gasping breathe when he felt Hannibal kiss the skin just above his swollen erection.

Hannibal fastened his lips around Will's reddened cock head, flicking his sopping tongue against the hot, smooth skin. Will moaned and dug his hips into the plush bedding below in a manner so reminiscent of their previous trysts that it irked Hannibal irrationally.

This was not one of *those* encounters and by the end of this he would be Will's as much as Will would be Hannibal's, possibly even more so. Will could stand to be greedy with his pleasure now.

Hannibal pried the hand gripping his shoulder as he sucked down around Will's somewhat impressive length, lifting it so Will could interlace his fingers into the hair at the base of Hannibal's skull. Will cracked his eyelids just enough that his hazy green irises could meet Hannibal's red tinged hazel gaze. Will raised an eyebrow down at him, an opportunity for the man to back out, but it only steeled Hannibal's resolve to allow him to take as he needed. Hannibal tightened the hold he had on the fingers in his hand in answer and that was all Will needed to *take.*

Will groaned as he moved his hips not bothering to start at a modest pace instead fucking Hannibal's face with abandon. Hannibal couldn't help but moan with him. He moved to hold onto the snapping hips trying to guide Will deeper down his throat, so desperate for more of that suffocating ache in his throat. Hannibal reached around to cup Will's balls, smaller than an alpha's or a beta's may be, but still heavy and full with the promise of his release.

Male omega's were fortunate in that they could have many different kinds of orgasms, their array of sexual organs allowing for many forms of stimulation. It was somewhat more difficult to make a male omega come from the penis as their bodies usually preferring to be bred than to breed, but it was certainly possible.

It gave him no small amount of pleasure, his own erection throbbing and dripping with precum in anticipation, as Will shoved the last few inches of his cock into Hannibal's throat, the muscles seizing around the intrusion, and came. Will have one keening wail, one that started at as a vibration in his throat and overtook his body as he arched upwards and gasped out his relief in the form of Hannibal's name.

Hannibal purred the entire way as he carefully pulled off Will.

Hannibal let himself be dragged into a long kiss by the otherwise limp man, stroking his soft hair as he let the omega relax in the aftermath of his orgasm.

"Fuck me." Will demanded into his mouth when they had caught their breath somewhat.

Hannibal's fingers were already gliding down his body to sink into the fluttering hole.

"I can give you what you want." Hannibal agreed slipping his thick middle finger into the tight heat. "But I need something from you."

Hannibal may be somewhat handicapped by his rut and his desire for the enchantingly beautiful man below him but he was still a man of reasonable intelligence and curious mind. The moving tapestry of information, the confusing swirl of puzzle pieces finally clicked together, to stand still at once, and only one part of the mystery was still concealed from him.

"What?" Will cried out against him.

Hannibal plunged a second finger in with little warning or preparation and Will's only saving grace was that he was soaked enough it was not a dry push.

"Hannibal!" He cried out, one hand still buried in Hannibal's hair, the other dragging nails along his shoulders against the shock of the stretch.

"How do you know me?" Hannibal whispered into his still crying mouth. "How did you know to ask me?"

Hannibal fucked him hard with the two fingers, just big enough for Will to want more and press into it, but not enough to fully satisfy his craving. He knew it must be as pleasurable as it was frustrating for the wailing omega and Hannibal did hope that Will wasn't going to draw out the sweet torture for the both of them.

"I was invited here to this estate." Hannibal curled his fingers into the soft, ridged pad of nerves inside of Will, not allowing him to ease into the sensation once more. "By name."

"A-and?" Will gasped.

"Doctor Gideon recommended me," Hannibal dug his fingers in deep against the raised texture of the omega's g spot, rocking his fingers inside the dripping warmth.

"*Hannibal!"* Will threw his head back against the pillows as he cried out. "It doesn't matter, you're here now."

“How much of this did you plan?” Hannibal ignored him, removing his fingers entirely.

”No!” Will protested his hips trying to follow with the fingers but found himself being pushed back. “Hannibal, please, *please*, don’t do this now.”

“Tell me the truth Will, and you can take whatever you want from me.” Hannibal promised, cradling Will’s soft cheek as he pressed their foreheads together, their eyes locked as Will weighed his options.

He let out a sharp omegan sound of frustration almost to himself but it tugged at Hannibal enough that his grip on Will’s face tightened to something less yielding.

”Tell me the truth.” Hannibal pleaded once more unsure if he could really deny himself this omega he desired while the rut raged through him.

”The truth of it is,” Will leaned up against the gripping hand to breath into Hannibal’s ear. “I want you, I have since I saw you that day in the courtyard, and I’m running out of time to do anything about it.”

”You want me to kill your intended mate.”

“Is there something about me wanting it that makes it wrong?” Will huffed in annoyance. “Like I said, don’t do it if you don’t feel like it.”

Will arched his back in the small space he had in between the bed and Hannibal’s body, and it had Hannibal’s throbbing cock brushing against his soaked fluttering hole. Will gave one deep moan as the ridge of the alpha’s head caught against his rim but slipped passed at the last second.

”I want this.” Will gasped out. “And so do you. Do you expect me to believe you won’t have me now?” Will knew what his words incited one triumphant smile painting his lips as he gasped against Hannibal’s cock sliding against his hole.

“Answer me.” It didn’t sound like demand, the promise of Will’s warm velvety insides clouding his mind, and he knew he must be begging at this point.

”I want it so bad.” Will exhaled warmly into the skin just below his ear as Hannibal pressed him into his rutting body.

Hannibal couldn’t help but move against the slick seam of Will’s pussy, soaking the length of his thick cock while Hannibal tried to remember why he was not allowing himself to plunge forth into the willing body.The sight was entrancing, Will sprawled out below him, panting and arching into him as Hannibal drug the round tip of his cock along him.

”All of it then?” Hannibal couldn’t resist pressing in just enough to encompass the head of his cock. “You planned it all?”

Will was gasping breathlessly into his neck still stretched so nicely but his face was screwed up in distaste for how empty he was.

Hannibal felt helpless as he pushed the rest of his length forward gently into the soaked heat of Will. He was so tight Hannibal couldn't bring himself to fuck forward with any roughness choosing instead to cherish the slow incremental descent into Will's core.

He didn't make it far, just pressed a few inches in when he met a thin resistance, the tight curve of Will's body narrowing just so. Will looked both pained and elated, finally full, but perhaps *too* full. Hannibal was not small, even compared to other alpha's, and the rough foreplay had not stretched him enough to accept the fat girth of the alpha.

"A virgin." Hannibal sighed happily.

Will rolled his eyes. "If you subscribe to that ideology, Doctor."

Hannibal's chest expanded with the force of his purr, basking in the few inches he had inside of the man. The knowledge that when he pushed on it would be the first time someone would take Will this way it fed the dark possessive beast inside of him, leaving it purring and sated.

"I didn't think I did." Hannibal admitted.

It didn't do anything to tamper the smug smile painting his face.

What did was Will planting one foot firmly on the bed and driving himself up on Hannibal's cock pushing through the barely there barrier and sucking Hannibal almost entirely into the tight heat.

"Will," Hannibal groaned, wrapping both of the Will's legs around hips as he dove forward giving one thrust with firm pressure behind him into the wailing omega.

Hannibal kept a firm roll to his hips as he kissed into Will's crying mouth, sucking his tongue and licking along his pointed fangs as he fucked into the warm body with tenderness he didn't know he was capable of.

"*Its so good, fuck,"* Will gasped between kisses, meeting Hannibal's gentle thrusts and moving to create more pressure between them. *"More, please,"*

If Will had indeed been virginal he did not lack for experience in pleasure. He shamelessly took what he wanted from Hannibal's modest pace, and demanded more so sweetly, that Hannibal could only oblige. Hannibal kissed along the side of his face, his temple, his cheekbone, his jawbone, as he started snapping his hips down, *hard,* not picking up his speed at all, just throwing his weight down into the slide of his cock inside the omega. He felt himself hit Will's texture g spot, and tried to commit the sight of Will's eyes rolling back into his head to memory. As Will dug his head into the pillow below, arched up to accept more hard fucking, his neck bent with him, the pale column of skin stretching so appealingly and Hannibal couldn't help but lean forward for it.

He was somewhat surprised when just before his mouth touched the warm smooth skin he found a palm mashed against his mouth and pushing him away. The he let out an outraged snarl before he was able to clamp it back, Will fucking up onto his cock once more with a defiant look in his eyes.

“I told you already.” Will smiled and it was breathtaking. “You can’t have that yet.”

Hannibal’s answering growl sounded like a whine even to him, his rage unable to emerged against the wet suction of Will’s body as he moved against the still alpha on top of him.

Will stroked down his face with gentle fingers, Hannibal still ridged with the shock of the rejection.

“I want you.” Will assured grasping Hannibal’s hips to slam them into their sex himself. “How badly you want me remains to be seen.”

Hannibal felt like the world was spinning around him as he stared down at the sweet thing gasping into the sway of their hips, fucking himself entirely on his own, so hungry for Hannibal’s body he was practically doing it all for them so that Hannibal could have his internal struggle without disrupting their pleasure. He was something entirely other, and regardless of it all, Hannibal knew that he would be Will’s.

“Mark me.” The words were out of his mouth before he could really think about the sentiment behind it, only that the need to claim was coursing through his veins, and he was desperate enough, buried in Will as his ludicrously appealing body rolled up into Hannibal’s, to be Will’s without the assurance of having Will in return.

It was vulnerable and raw as it sat in the air and he digested the meaning of it all, and did not take it back even when Will looked up at him curiously.

“Yeah?” Will said it with a raised eyebrow half shocked and half daring.

The urge to prove himself, to bleed for this omega, to bind himself in anyway possible, it all surfaced in his mind at once and he was struck mute. He could only nod dumbly, driving down into the now still body. Will gave a startled moan as Hannibal rocked into him, faster than before and just as hard.

“You can have anything you want from me, you succubus,” Hannibal moaned into his ear, throwing his hips down with an audible slap that only added to the tension building in his hips. “I would never deny you a thing.”

Will must be nearing his end soon too, his body no longer fucking back instead it was taut as he arched to accommodate the harsh push of Hannibal’s cock into him.

”*Do it,”* He cried out when he felt the knot at the base of Hannibal’s cock start to inflate, trying to take even more of Hannibal’s length to encompass the fattening bulge.

Hannibal fucked faster, moaning against the force of his impending orgasm, so near satisfaction he was almost mad with it. He pushed forward when his knot started to inflate full, Will screaming into his neck as Hannibal pushed into into his tight opening, holding the omega to him tenderly as he cried out against him. The pleasure of his knot being gripped by the velvety wetness of Will’s body distracted him just enough, he didn’t feel the sharp sting of Will’s teeth until they were already nearly through the skin of his neck.

His orgasm was immediate, and he felt himself burst inside the right heat, the cum being pulled from his body as if by force by Will's greedy hole, his cum plugged up into Will's body by his knot.

The sensation of being mated, though the bond was one sided at this point, was electric. It spread like crackling heat under his skin, leaving his nerves crumbled like dry sand. The scorching rush of his blood pounded through him, calmed only by the soothing pheromones Will was filling the space with. Hannibal pressed himself into Will's neck, breathing him in with eager need. He could not bare an inch of space between them, compelled to cover Will's body with his own, and kissing the huffing laugh right out of Will's mouth.

Chapter End Notes

Sooooo only 3-4 ish chapters left, how we feeling??
I'm so excited to finish this fic, it will be my first complete work that isn't a one shot!

Anyway, in this chapter they made weird psycho love, how I imagine they do,
next chapter they are going to fuck nasty, like I also imagine they do,
Look out for that around 9/24ish

Burgandy

Chapter Notes

So consistent updating has been difficult for me for the last few months my bad

Here's a very long chapter to make up for it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Parting from Will seemed an impossible task after the joy of being marked. His rut was calmed for the moment though he knew it could not possibly last.

Will did finally force them apart, much to Hannibal's dismay, and it was only the reminder that the sooner he dressed and murdered Anthony the sooner he could claim Will in return that got him moving. Will dressed with some issue, which made Hannibal grin as he helped the man into his pants, slid his socks and shoes on, kissing up his pale legs as he went. It should feel demeaning to him on a primal level to be kneeled like this in front of Will, dressing him like a devoted man servant and pressing his desperate hunger into the skin he was covering, but instead it filled him to brim with satisfaction. Hannibal would always be Will's, and while it wasn't love *just* yet, Hannibal knew it would be, and soon. The warm flip of his stomach as he gazed up at Will proclaimed as much and it thrilled him. He had never much cared for others, only allowing people to see the shallow facade he presented the world.

Surgeon, psychiatrist, lover of the arts, but never into the shadier, sharper parts of his inner world.

Will was demanding access and that Hannibal's first act as his alpha be a sacrifice at his altar. He was so comfortable looking a monster in the eye and demanding what he wanted, kissing the mouth of the beast sweetly as payment.It was more than Hannibal could have ever hoped for.

He would likely kneel for him every day for the rest of their lives so he felt quite comfortable this way.

Will led them through the corridors soaked throughly in Hannibal's scent.

They heard the echo of Alana and Margot in the foyer at the bottom of the stairs, delegating to the staff, Mason's name echoing across the marble. They ignored it, and continued on toward Hannibal's room, Will acting as if he was not hearing mention of the dead body he'd nearly been taken next to at all.

Hannibal watched as Will climbed the stairs with some difficulty, gripping the railing as he forced himself to climb the last set, but having refused Hannibal's help at the start of the journey Hannibal could only smile indulgently as he followed behind.

When they entered the room Hannibal kissed him deeply once more, before drawing him a bath to soak in as he waited for Hannibal's return. It would soothe the strained muscles and stretched hole, the water seeped with epsom salts.

Will kissed him before shoving him out of the bathroom to undress and slip into the tub.

Hannibal didn't have the first clue as to where to find Anthony so he followed his instincts and made for the gardens with haste. The sun was bound to set soon, and if he wanted to do this in a satisfactory manner then Anthony would need to be dead very soon.

It was as if Will's desire for it alone blessed his search, the omega smiling down on his efforts from above and guiding him through the correct rows to find Anthony leaned up against a statue puffing on a cigarette.

"Hello there." He smiled, unaware of the danger he was faced with.

Anthony's handsome face crumpled in enraged confusion as the wind blew Hannibal's Will-soaked scent toward him. He hardly had the time to make the expression before Hannibal was on him slamming his head into the marble base of the statue in one firm toss. Anthony cried out as he was thrown down and the crunch of his bones as they knocked against marble was gratifying. Hannibal knew he must be grinning madly but the only two people here to see it were him and the dead man attempting to struggle to his feet despite the deep gash at his broken brow bone.

Hannibal thought to be gracious and help him up by the curly brown locks that had taunted him when they had melded with Will's on the staircase.

Will did not want him, did not want him so much he had bewitched a stronger, more capable alpha into executing him. It was this thought, that Will wanted this, that rushed him where he might usually take his time prolonging the pain but the thought of Will's kiss stained mouth moved him. He rammed Anthony's head down on the dull stone corner once, twice, three times, until the body stopped resisting his brutal assault, and then a few more slams, just for his own pleasure. The face would hardly matter.

Anthony was twitching, so he must still be alive, though he was in no state to fight Hannibal off anytime soon. It would be a risk, if anyone else held affection for Anthony, to drag his dead body to the courtyard where they might see, but the thought of presenting this gift for Will overrode his senses. His devotion for Will had gotten him this far.

He hooked his hands around Anthony's ankles and drug him, marching forward and not sparing him the uneven rocky path and he groaned and gargled with pain. His heart was light with the knowledge that every step forward was a step closer to Will.

Hannibal had never once thought that he would be able to give himself to someone this way. Will was his equal in every way, superior even, as he had managed to tame the beast inside of Hannibal so easily and had it out doing his bidding.

Hannibal pictured what their kids might look like as he arrived to the statue he had last seen the rival alpha at. Anthony tried to flip onto his stomach as Hannibal dropped his ankles but

he could hardly see for the blood dripping into his own eyes. The shock of the wound was making his movements jagged and choppy, and very slow.

Hannibal spent a moment basking in the sight before he moved to look around the grounds. He was thankful for the jagged stones that lined the pebble walkway, finding a stone that had a sharp point and a sturdy base for him to grip. He grabbed a flat smooth stone to its right as he knelt up to take in the pathetic man once more.

”He really hates you.” Hannibal stated, unsure if the bleeding man could respond or even understand his words.

Hannibal dragged the sharp edges of the stone across the smooth surface of the the second rock as he prowled closer. Anthony had managed to drag himself a few feet, and gave a strangle wet cry as Hannibal dragged him by one ankle back to the statue.

”I wonder if this is not the only reason.” Hannibal continued calmly, one foot pressing on the middle of Anthony’s back hard enough to have him wheezing with the effort to breathe.

“It isn’t the reason I am killing you.” Hannibal said striking the stone again. “I’m killing you because your error,” his voice remained even and unaffected as he applied a little more pressure to Anthony’s back. “In thinking you were good enough for Will in any capacity meant I had to see my mate in the arms of another.”

He shook his head though Anthony could not see as he set the smooth stone aside.

“If you ever loved him at all you can die knowing at least that he will be well cared for after your departure.” Hannibal assured the man as he took his foot away to lean down and grip his hair once more.

Anthony’s position from dragging himself was ideal to rip him up easily, his body unable to resist, as Hannibal bared the man’s throat. The stone sunk in easily, though it was not the best for the purpose he had in mind, and in the end he had to resharpen the stone many times. The sun was half set by the time the limbs where hanging off by tendrils of muscle and he was able to rip them with much effort apart. The head came off first, taking quite some time, as well as the legs, but the arms seemed a breeze after it all. He laid the head and limbs in a neat pile, and heaved the torso into his arms. The weight was enough to dig the stone into his palm and it left small rough cuts.

It was just that he should bleed for this gift to Will.

Hannibal thought their kids might have his eyes but they would certainly inherit Will’s curls. He couldn’t help but admit to himself that the idea of a little girl with Will’s ringlets melted his heart.

Surely he could persuade Will to try until they had one girl at least if their first happened to be a boy?

He reached the courtyard pondering. He laid the torso down by the opening of the garden, brazen in his hurry to do this quickly and to ensure the display was visible form his quarters.

Hannibal gathered sturdy fallen branches along the darkening forest edge until he felt he had enough.

He unfurled his tie and laid it to the side as he went to work skinning Anthony's corpse, leaving strips of sling along his back. He cut strategic space between the skin and muscle it attached to, and undid his belt for good measure.

Hannibal dug the branches into the ground, the light only having maybe an hour left, as he rushed to finish his work. He laced the belt around the branches to bind together in the middle, leaning them in a triangle.

It was surprising how easily it was to crush the mutilated muscle and bone into his desired shape, and bind it with the silk tied to the propped poles.

He was satisfied with his work. Hannibal knew Will would not be disappointed.

Hannibal washed the blood off of his arms by the river, his clothing lost to the violent spatter. He marched his way into the house with a few minutes to spare, relaxing at the thought of being able to wash himself properly before he presented it to Will.

He climbed the stairs two at a time on his way back to his room. When he did finally arrive it was to Will's napping form wrapped in his sheets, nude. It ignited something in him to return back to his mate and see him tucked away, safe, and comfortable.

He had twenty minutes left of light, and he needed to ensure Will was the first to gaze upon the body so he wasted no time slipping out of his clothes and under the warm spray of the shower. He cleansed himself with practiced thoroughness, scrubbing every inch twice over to ensure all traces of Anthony's blood washed away. He was pleased to find as he worked the lather into his skin that the faint scent of Will did not leave him, his mate's bourbon smell intermingling with Hannibal's even as the bubbles rinsed off of him.

He dried himself halfheartedly and didn't bother dressing as he entered the bedroom. Will was just cracking his eyes open looking relaxed and well rested as he stretched in the sheet.

"You are the most divine creature I have ever seen." Hannibal said honestly.

Will didn't acknowledge the compliment as Hannibal drew nearer to strip the sheets off of him.

"Is it done?" He asked letting Hannibal drag him off the plush mattress.

Hannibal kissed him, one fiery passionate kiss that Will returned as he led him over to the window. Hannibal ran his hands along the curve of Will's firm cheeks, up the muscle carved back to cradle the curls that nestled at the base Will's skull.

"I would do anything for you." Hannibal said bringing Will to the glass to see the body below.

Will's eyes drifted over the remade corpse, made beautiful in death as he was in life, but given meaning that he failed to grasp for in life. Anthony's body was bound and mutilated,

the skin wrapped around each side of the heart made to be anatomically correct in its representation, though he was unable to add the finer details it was certainly identifiable.

Will seemed uncharacteristically flustered, a startled blush blooming across his cheekbones as he stared down at it in the amber tinted light of the sun set.

”Its beautiful.” Will had to admit.

Hannibal moved to hover behind him, scenting his mate, drinking in the decadent sweet and spice of him, unable to get enough of him. He had only been gone a handful of hours, but still his chest was now free of a tightness he had not known had gripped it, until he was pressed against Will once more, freeing him.

“You really would do *anything?”* Will quirked a curious eyebrow back at him to try and distract from the flattered smile tugging at his lips.

”Anything.” Hannibal confirmed.

Hannibal smiled and pressed his hardening erection into Will’s damp hole, already starting to leak as he looked down at his offering.

”The rest of him?” His voice sounded distant, his eyes locked on the torso as Hannibal slid against him.

”I left those parts for her.” Hannibal murmured the words into his mating spot before mouthing up a little higher.

Will gave a little whine as he pushed back into Hannibal’s movements.

“He didn’t deserve to see you like this.” Hannibal sighed happily.

This had Will turning his head, a playful little smirk on his face.

“And you do?”

Hannibal felt it strike his ego, but it was quickly soothed as hot fresh slick leaked out of Will coating his cock. He was already Will’s, and Will had not given access inside his body to any other.

Hannibal snarled despite having that information in mind. His rut invaded his senses once more enflamed by the one sided bond and the adrenaline of his kill.

It satisfied senseless animalistic urges buried deep in his brain to kill a rival and to come back to claim his prize, hot and wanting under him.

Will was wanting, too, not bothering to hide his disappointment when Hannibal stepped back out of his space. He should have known based on Hannibal’s track record what his goal was, but still gasped out in surprise as he felt Hannibal’s tongue slide against his throbbing clit.

“*Yes,”* Will gasped bending forward to open himself more, his legs adjusting wider so Hannibal had easier access.

Hannibal didn’t waste his time teasing he craved the sweet slick that would fill his mouth when Will came and he worked toward it with single minded focus. He sucked the throbbing nerves into his mouth, groaning as he flicked the tip against the sensitive bundle. Will cried out reaching for the window pane to steady himself as he allowed Hannibal free access to pleasure him.

Hannibal knew he was close when his hips twitched once, and then stilled, trying not to push into the other man’s face, already being pressed by Hannibal’s hands to firmly connect with his working mouth.Will’s hips twitched once more as he called Hannibal’s name.

The lanterns the lined the brick pathway of the grounds flicked on casting the bloody heart in a different light as Hannibal lined himself up behind Will, letting the head of his cock soak with his juices, Hannibal unable to capture it all no matter how he sucked the Will’s hole.

Hannibal pushed forward just a few inches, the angle leaving something to be desired. He reached over to grasp one shoulder and bend the man before him into an arch. He fucked into him, little by little, as they resettled to have Will arched into Hannibal’s hunched frame. Their faces drew closer to one another, unable to reach to kiss one another.

“I have never tasted anything that compares to you.” Hannibal breathed into the air behind Will’s ear.

Will gave a wail that was choked off, not because he meant it to be, but because Hannibal pushed forward, hard.

”No one has ever seen this side of me.” He admitted as he snapped his hips into Will, enamored by the sight of his hips hitting Will’s tight cheeks.

”You’re so *strong,* ” Will groaned out. “You will give me strong children.”

It hit him on a base level, as it was intended.

Hannibal knew how badly Will wanted his knot back inside of him, his hole was gushing, and he was pushing back further and further down to try and catch it.

Hannibal was bewitched by Will, his mind, body, soul, belonged to him, but the sting of memory of Will pushing him away, just as he was about to seal them permanently, it had him feeling less than merciful. He smiled at the squirming man, wishing he could press a kiss into those panting lips.

”I will fill you with as many children as you will permit me, sweet boy.” Hannibal didn’t have to play up the moan his sentence gave way to.

He sank his cock in deeper, not quite down to his knot, and giving powerful, hard thrusts into Will’s warmth. Will tossed himself back into Hannibal’s thick length, crying out desperately with nothing but the back of Hannibal’s thighs to grab for purchase.

“Mark me,” Will whined tugging Hannibal closer.

Hannibal ignored this and kept pushing forward, his thrusts harder and deeper each time. Will was at once satisfied and aching with want, the hard cock spearing him, sliding against the spot inside of him that had him drooling, but his neck prickled with the want of Hannibal’s teeth. Hannibal knew it was nothing compared to the sharp pain in his canines, or the stabbing pain in his chest as he was denied access to his mate.

Will could bare with it for a while longer.

Hannibal’s eyes were glued to Will’s writhing form, the tight muscles of the sweet boy’s back were clenched with the effort of holding his position while greedily taking more of Hannibal’s cock into himself. With his back arched this way Hannibal could just see the sharp curve of his open jaw, his pink mouth open as he let out another sharp moan. He was so radiant with his beauty and Hannibal found himself dissatisfied with the rather impersonal position, wanting selfishly and rather possessively to cover every inch of Will with himself if he would not allow himself to sink his teeth in just yet.

It took a little effort to rip an unaware Will away from the display to throw him down on the bed. He looked like he might have argument with landing face first in the blankets as he pushed up from the plush bedding with an irritated protest very nearly gracing his lips but was forgotten as Hannibal draped his body over Will’s. The added weight had Will all but pinned to the bed, only enough wiggle room to arch his smooth cheeks into Hannibal’s stiff erection.

”You want it bad, don’t you?” Will teased him as Hannibal’s head tucked into the curve of his neck, shamelessly breathing in his scent. “I’m telling you, you can have it.” Will moaned around the words as Hannibal ground his hips forward to tease his hole. “It’s what I want.” Will was not begging, his voice still full of that teasing edge but there was a breathy quality to his words that betrayed his need.

Hannibal tried to let the desire soaked words clear his mind, not allowing himself the luxury of one more deep breath at Will’s neck. Though it pained him, he forced himself to lean back just enough to gain distance and regain some control of himself. He couldn’t help but reward his efforts with a few more wet grinds leaving them both shaking with the effort it took them both not to move to connect their bodies first.

Hannibal had not meant for this aspect of their coupling to become a competition to see who would cave first only planning to withhold his mark until Will was crying out and drooling with the need of it, but it seemed this man would always find a way to turn his intentions on their head.

He was so magnificent and it only made Hannibal’s cock throb with the need to be buried deep inside of him.

Will had regained some of his composure though his cheeks were still pink from the pleasure of before and his lashes a little wet, but his smile was cunning and sure as it slowly spread across his lips.

“Our bond will fade if it is not completed by the end of your rut.” Will hummed thoughtfully, arching up once more to force Hannibal’s head against his opening. “Is that your goal?”

The thought was like a knife lodged into his lung. All air that once filled them funneling out through a puncture hole that Will ripped through him.

Will’s eyes were alight as his neck curved to stare back at Hannibal despite the hurried grind of their bodies against each other. It was clear with the occasional harsh swallow that he was biting back his noise as they faced off against each other in this battle of will. Their eyes were locked onto each other and Hannibal was shameless as the red bled into his gaze.

“I am yours.” Hannibal stated with a deep breath trying to collect himself as he pulled his hips back a few mere inches.

Will was dissatisfied with this, his hips rising to meet his retreating length with an annoyed groan.

”Yes.”

Will was unhappy that he was not able to recapture Hannibal in the pleasant rut of their bodies. He whined with the frustration of being distinctly aware of how empty he now felt.

“You would give your claim up so easily?” Hannibal didn’t believe it, not truly, but if Will wanted to play on his most base instincts than he could do the same. “You would let me leave this place?” This Hannibal doubted even more. His boy would not let him escape him so easily. “To find this elsewhere?”

Hannibal was purposeful as he lowered his body back down into Will’s. He let his grind against Will’s hole linger as he inched his nose along the base of Will’s neck, scenting him when he reached the right spot. He rested there, Will’s pulse beating just under him as Hannibal took a deep breath in.

Will’s body was tensing beneath his despite his neck stretching to allow Hannibal more ready access.

”What would you do, sweet Will?” Hannibal asked between deep desperate breaths. “Would you find another alpha to kill me?” Hannibal couldn’t help the jolt his cock gave or the hearty moan he pressed into Will’s neck. “Would you destroy everything I am just so no one else would ever have me this way?”

The tight predatory clench of Will’s body told him that yes, likely, it would not be a slight he would allow to pass unpunished.

“I could have already filled you with my children.” Hannibal let his head catch on Will’s pulsing hole, the weight of his cock settling nicely against the wet opening. It beckoned him to push forward, but Hannibal clamped down tight on the impulse. “Would you paint yourself as some victim to get them to act against me?” Hannibal knew he could, with his devastating beauty and a few well placed tears it would take no effort at all to convince some violent, self righteous alpha to move in Will’s defense.

”I never had to do that with you.” Will moaned and this time it sounded as needy as Hannibal was feeling.

“You are not above it.” Hannibal smiled one of those innocently cruel smiles of his as he reached to cradle Will’s jaw, still ajar from his breathy moans.

Hannibal wanted to push forward but it seemed as if this game would never end. Hannibal wasn’t even entirely sure *what* exactly Will could say in this moment that would have him breaking, letting his cock slide through his wet heat.

Will was never one to be beaten not even at this senseless, cruel game they had fallen into. He smiled back at Hannibal, his eyes so vibrant against the backdrop of the pale white bedding and the mess of curls framing his face. So enthralling, so utterly radiant, he was so perfect, and Hannibal had to bite back his own stuttered breaths as Will gazed back at him.

”I would kill you myself.” Will said as he blinked those dark, curled lashes at him. He said it so casually he may as well be commenting on the weather.

The indifference of the words sunk into his bones as Will’s green eyes pierced him, the dark, feral, need entering his stare for one fleeting second before a breezy smile took over his features.

Hannibal was helpless in the face of him. He pushed into the slippery heat of Will’s body with a desperate groan, broken and remade at once as he caved to Will’s influence.

He thought of all it meant as he fucked into Will’s accommodating body. His boy would never allow another the pleasure of watching the life drain from him. He was not Mason, nor was he *Anthony,* he was Will’s entirely and his boy would never allow another to bask in his demise.

”Hannibal!” Will cried into the open air, as Hannibal had yet to let go of his jaw. His upper body was being propped up by his elbows, his sharp shoulder blades thrusting against Hannibal’s chest as Hannibal threw himself down into his body.

Sex with Will was absolutely singular, the way his hole closed so tightly around Hannibal’s length, sucking him in and making it near impossible to withdraw. Will was a vocal lover, gasping, crying, moaning Hannibal’s name with every rough push Hannibal made inside of him. He was full bodied in his pleasure, as well, one hand reached back to bury in Hannibal’s hair as he snuffled around Will’s mating spot, the other clenched around one of Hannibal’s firm thighs, encouraging every movement of their bodies together.

”*Alpha, please,”* Will cried out against a particularly hard thrust and a dead hit for his sweet spot, pushing back to chase Hannibal’s stiff cock.

Hannibal rolled forward indulgently, not as hard as he had before, much to Will’s disappointment. He whined a little as he raised his eyes to lock gazes once more with Hannibal, his gaze only faltering as his body was jolted with every hard press of Hannibal into him.

Hannibal almost forgot, for one rut addled moment, that he was meant to do anything but chase the addicting heat of Will's body. He thrust against Will's firm cheeks and lost himself to the pleasure his body was giving him.

"Not enough." Will whimpered out as Hannibal's grip on him tightened.

Will pressed himself further into Hannibal's chest, his curly head nestled into Hannibal's shoulder as he cried out against the hard punishing pace Hannibal set.

"Alpha.." Will whimpered, and it was a touch theatric, but it was enticing nonetheless.

Hannibal *was* Will's alpha.

The patch of skin necessary was hidden from him with the way Will clung to him. Hannibal was careless as he shoved him down, letting one hand come up to press his curly head into the piled up pillows in front of them, growling as his hips continued their punishing snap down into the leaking omega.

Hannibal was lost to his desire, his need to claim the omega that was so willing below him. Hannibal would never make good on any of his previous teasing threats, he would never willingly part with this man, and he could deny him no longer.

Will's entire body stilled as Hannibal's teeth connected to his soft, pliant skin, the fragrance of Will washing over him. Hannibal breathed in one more pure lungful of Will's unmated scent. He was almost mournful for needing to add his own to the man, but not enough to stop his teeth from sinking in. He made it slow, slower than was customary, letting his fangs sink in and push through the resistance of skin and muscle and doing nothing to assure Will's comfort.

Will didn't seem to mind, a slight grimace curling his face but washed out by the bright bliss coating his features. Will gave a drawn out pleased moan as Hannibal's canines slid home, their bond tightening around them.

The pleasure of their sealing leaked from the bleeding puncture marks on Will's neck, it dribbled into Hannibal's mouth and he drank it down eagerly. It swept through his veins, golden, searing hot, and so so sweet, filling him with a pride and satisfaction, a low purr erupting in his chest.

His knot inflated without him noticing, hardly able to focus on the pleasure of their bodies as he was once again overtaken with the feeling of being tied to Will.

Will, ever vigilant, was still clear enough of mind to take what he had been craving, pushing himself back until Hannibal was locked right inside him.

Hannibal could feel the sensitive tip of his cock brush against the textured pleasure spot inside with every gasping breathing Will took, and he was helpless to do anything but cradle them as they fell to the bed, Will's orgasm shaking around them.

Hannibal held Will as he came down, his breaths slowing to his normal pace. Hannibal spent the time it took kissing along the space of Will's shoulder up his neck and into the soft curls on Will's head.

Hannibal, too caught up in his feelings of rejection and longing, had perhaps forgotten that Will had not been taken before their initial mating, and he could have been easier on him.

Will did not seem to share the sentiment as he wrapped Hannibal's arms around him, leaning back into Hannibal's loving embrace.

Hannibal's knot was almost deflated enough to pull out when they heard Bedelia's scream from the gardens, the high pitch shaking the window glass audibly.

Hannibal didn't break in giving Will sweet kisses along his flushed skin, only pressed his pleased smile into the skin along Will's mark as they listened to the commotion below them unfold.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal is stupid in love with Will. That's cannon and actually just the plot of the show so I don't feel bad for laying it on thick lmaooo

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